

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.
No. 7.

MAY, 1897.

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The May Pole Dance

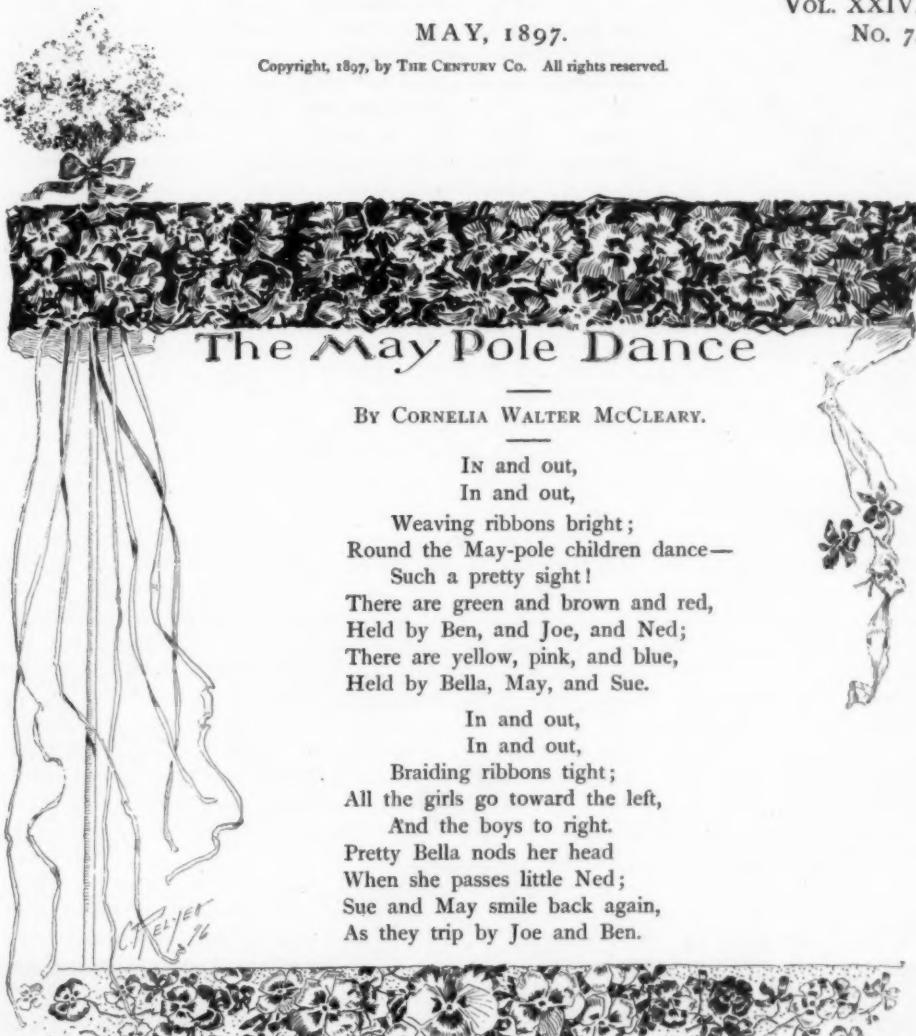
BY CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY.

IN and out,
IN and out,

Weaving ribbons bright;
Round the May-pole children dance—
Such a pretty sight!
There are green and brown and red,
Held by Ben, and Joe, and Ned;
There are yellow, pink, and blue,
Held by Bella, May, and Sue.

IN and out,
IN and out,

Braiding ribbons tight;
All the girls go toward the left,
And the boys to right.
Pretty Bella nods her head
When she passes little Ned;
Sue and May smile back again,
As they trip by Joe and Ben.



THE MAY-POLE DANCE.

In and out,
 In and out,
 Plaiting colors bright;
 Boys and girls with one accord
 Sing with all their might.
 For their hearts are like the Spring,
 Young, and fresh, and blossoming—
 And their voices, sweet and clear,
 Say that May at last is here.

See! the May-pole standing there
 Suddenly has grown most fair!
 Now it makes a fine display,
 Decked in colors bright and gay;
 And it stands so straight and tall,
 Proudly looking down on all—
 On the children, whose young hands
 Hold the many-colored strands.

Now begin
 Out and in,
 Silken web and weft;
 Soon of all its loveliness
 Little will be left.
 Unwind yellow, pink, and blue,
 Dancing Bella, May, and Sue;
 Untwist green and brown and red,
 Laughing Ben and Joe and Ned.

In and out,
 In and out,
 Loos'ning ribbons bright;
Now the boys go toward the left,
 And the girls to right.
 As the dancers lightly bound,
 All the streamers are unwound,
 Till they leave the May-pole bare
 'Neath its crown of flowers fair.



HOW COUSIN MARION HELPED.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

"THEN you will tell Dean and Lucy that I shall expect them not only to dine and spend the evening, but as soon as they come from school? Now, don't shake your head, Cousin Agnes; it is Friday afternoon, so there will be no to-morrow's lessons in the way"; and young Mrs. Maxwell turned from her cousin's door as if the matter of her guests for dinner was fully settled. The mother of the guests in question evidently did not agree with her, for she hastened to remonstrate:

"Why, Marion, you have been at home only three days, and your sister arrived but yesterday. Surely you ought not to trouble yourself so soon with the children."

"Trouble!" and then young Mrs. Maxwell laughed in merry protest. "I thought you knew by this time, Cousin Agnes, that I look upon the twins in any light but that. As for Sister, she is as anxious to meet them as I am to have her do so. To tell the truth, she had not been in the house more than an hour or two when she inquired when she was to be presented to those wonderful twin cousins of whom I was always writing."

"Oh, Marion, you must have been drawing upon your imagination. Even I, their mother, would never think of Dean and Lucy as more than an ordinary boy and girl, though their twinship may have made them rather better comrades than some brothers and sisters—at least so I have thought till lately."

Mrs. Maxwell looked up quickly.

"Why, you don't mean that they have quarreled?"

"No, I should hardly call it by that word. It may be only a fancy, but since school began it has seemed as if something must have occurred; for several times I have found Lucy studying alone, and Dean has seemed to have various plans afoot that cause him to leave for school before Lucy, and return later. How-

ever, I presume if there is any trouble, you will soon find it out."

"Indeed I will, if it is possible"; and Mrs. Maxwell bade her cousin good morning and walked down the street with a serious look on her usually bright face.

"Cousin Marion" was an element which had been in combination with the lives of the Eliot twins for about a year and a half. When Dean had heard of the intended marriage of his cousin Jack, whom he regarded with the hero-worship that boyhood of twelve often offers to manhood of twice that age, he had been somewhat dismayed. But the new cousin came and was seen, and conquered; and not many weeks after his wife's advent Cousin Jack had declared his nose to be quite out of joint. Lucy's devotion was rather to be expected, but Dean had almost felt obliged to apologize for the rapid acquisition of his regard.

"You see," he had remarked to his mother, "she is n't like most of them; she always has something to show a fellow, so he does n't have to think up what to talk about; and she 's read all the books I like, and remembers the parts I do; and she can play tennis like a shot, and—my eye! can't she make good doughnuts!"

Proud as Mrs. Maxwell was of the friendship of her young twin cousins, she was even prouder of their affection for each other. Shortly after making their acquaintance, she had written in a letter to her sister, "You know I always used to say that I thought a twin brother was the choicest possession a small girl could have; and Dean and Lucy Eliot seem to prove that my notion was correct."

And now that same sister had come to visit her and was to make the acquaintance of her boy and girl friends. It would certainly be too bad if a coolness between the brother and sister should occur at this time.

Consequently it was with a feeling nearly akin

to anxiety that Mrs. Maxwell awaited her afternoon guests. Her sister was lying down, so when Lucy arrived, a little after four, she found her hostess alone. In response to her cousin's question as to Dean's whereabouts, Lucy's answer was a careless, "He said he was not ready when I started, and would come later; and as I knew he would like it better, I came without him."

There was an unusual sharpness in the speaker's voice that caused Mrs. Maxwell to glance keenly into the face opposite as she asked:

"Is n't that rather a new idea?"

Lucy bit her lip, then said suddenly, "It is a new idea, Cousin Marion—at least it has been growing ever since school began. You know Dean and I have always been pretty even at school, except that he is better in mathematics than I, and Latin is a little easier for me, though last year there were only three months when my Latin mark was higher than his. This year it is all different, and I think I know the reason. Sam Crane has gone away to school. He and Dean used to try to beat each other, but now Dean just manages to slip along like the other two boys in the class; and we don't have any more nice times studying together, for I won't do that slipping, sliding way. Then there's tennis. You know how hard I practised while he was away last summer. When he came back I asked him to play with me just the way he would if I were a boy. I beat; and I have never known whether he let me or not. Now, if it had been Sam, Dean would have played him again the next day; but he has never asked me for another game, and he had better not, if he is going to give me such baby drop-serves!"

The scorn of that last sentence made Lucy's voice tremble, and she waited a second, then went on:

"I wonder if I ought to be willing to let things go on as they are. Perhaps some day I shall become used to it, and not mind hearing Dean make a remark like one Tom Jackson made last week. Kitty overheard him say that he didn't see what schoolgirls were good at, except looking pretty and taking up the time in recitation. Cousin Marion, what do *you* think I ought to do about it?"

Mrs. Maxwell looked serious enough to satisfy

even Lucy's notions of the state of affairs, as she answered:

"I am not quite sure that I had better give any advice till I have thought the matter over. Suppose we let it rest for a day or two, and perhaps some way in which I can help will suggest itself."

"Well, I don't want you to think I'm a goose, but I do want to ask you one question. When you were my age, did you ever think that boys were—sort of—" Lucy paused in perplexity, but her cousin came gaily to the rescue.

"A necessary evil? Is that what you wished to say? Let me see, you are just fourteen. Do you know that if it had not been for just one thing I might have had to answer 'yes' to your question? Did I ever tell you about the summer we spent in Oldport? No? Then suppose I do. It was the year I was twelve. Our home was to be remodeled, so the whole household was transported to Oldport. We children were highly delighted; for not only were we to live in a great-aunt's house where our mother had visited when a little girl, but we were also to be next door to a large family of cousins."

Just at this point the sound of steps on the staircase and the closing of a door in the next room brought the story to a sudden end, and Mrs. Maxwell rose, saying:

"There, I am afraid the story must wait, for I hear Sister Emily on the stairs, and Kate is coming with the tea."

Lucy gave a sigh of disappointment, and then asked quickly:

"Cousin Marion, won't you just tell me what the 'one thing' was?"

Mrs. Maxwell looked up from her work of arranging the table for the tea-tray, and had barely time to answer, with a comic smile of solemnity, the one word, "Cows!" before her sister entered the room.

"Emily, this is the girl-half of Jack's twin cousins; the boy will appear later."

Following this introduction, there came to Lucy a half-hour of unalloyed delight. Afternoon tea with Cousin Marion was always a pleasure; but on the present occasion the charm seemed doubled, and by the time she had finished her cup of tea and three macaroons Lucy had quite decided that Miss Emily

was just what Cousin Marion's sister ought to be.

At length her hostess, who was seated by the window, exclaimed: "There comes Dean. Lucy, will you please ring the dining-room bell for Kate, and ask her to bring a plate of doughnuts?"

When Lucy returned from her errand, her brother had finished shaking hands with Miss Lisle, and the two were bending over a new

to run away to write two or three notes. Dean, I know you want to do more than look at the pictures in that book. Suppose we take it into the hall with these doughnuts. Sister Emily and Lucy can amuse each other. By the way, Lucy, she can tell you about that summer."

"What summer?" Miss Lisle asked.

"The one we spent in Oldport; and you are requested to dwell particularly upon the occasion when my notions of girls' superiority received such a blow. Do you remember?"

Miss Lisle looked puzzled for a second, then laughed.

"Am I to tell everything?"

"I shall leave that to your discretion," was Mrs. Maxwell's answer as she left the room.

Dean departed with his book and doughnuts, and Lucy turned to her entertainer with an air of delight.

"I am so glad. I have always wanted to know what kind of a little girl our Cousin

Marion was," she exclaimed.

"A rather lively kind, as I remember; and the time I am to tell about was when she was at her liveliest. How much had she told you?"

"Only that you spent the summer in a great-aunt's house, and that there were some cousins next door. Were they boys or girls?"

"Both. Some were grown up; but there were a boy, Ned, and a girl, Clara, very near our ages.

"COUSIN MARION, WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO DO ABOUT IT?"

book which the latter had brought downstairs.

A moment later, Kate appeared with the doughnuts. Mrs. Maxwell took the plate, and holding it out to Dean, said, "Now I am going



Besides these, there were two other cousins, Herbert and Carl, who came to visit us, and a boy named John, who lived in the house beyond Ned and Clara; so you see it was a



"HOIST WE DID WITH ALL OUR MIGHT." (SEE PAGE 538.)

question of three girls and four boys. Marion certainly was what people call a tomboy; but I remember mother's hunting all over New York, that spring, to find a certain stout gingham which she had made up into what she called 'climbing-dresses,' so I think we must have been expected to have a good time. My gown was sufficient for any demands I made upon it, but Marion's had to be patched more than once.

"How the rivalry between the boys and us began, I am not quite sure; but I think it was

over the Indian question. My uncle had been in the firearms business, and among my cousins' playthings were four full-sized wooden models of muskets. These just supplied the boys with weapons. They decided to be early settlers, the Indians to be merely imaginary.

"We girls were told that we could be the settlers' wives and stay in the fort while they went out to fight. That did not suit; and Marion announced that we would also be settlers and fight; but the boys declared we could n't, without guns. Finally we nobly offered to be Indians; but they only laughed and said we could n't be anything but squaws. That finished the discussion; we told them we would n't be old squaws, but real Indian chiefs, and we would fight them if they dared come near our camp, which would be in the chokeberry bushes at the top of one of the slopes in the fields back of the barn. The question of our weapons was settled by Clara's proposing bean-poles.

"I remember how exciting it was, as we crept along the further side of the stone wall till we were at the summit of the slope at the foot of which the four boys were holding a council, and then with a wild yell leaped over the wall and charged down upon them.

"They lifted their gun-stocks, and one of them shouted, 'Bang! There, Marion, you're dead!' But Marion called back, 'I'm not, either'; and charged on, her bean-pole at full tilt, and Clara and I yelling at her heels. 'You're not playing fair,' Ned called out; but somehow the advancing poles were too much for them, and they turned and ran. When Clara had proposed the bean-poles she had said, 'Of course we will only wave them in the air'; but Marion had calmly remarked, 'I wonder how much a little poke with one would hurt'; so I do not know, now, what would have happened had those boys stood firm.

"Then there was the 'shebang.' Those cousins of ours were the most inventive of boys and girls. In the case of the shebang their genius had been used in constructing and naming a most peculiar four-wheeled vehicle, in which they coasted down the slopes in the fields. It was steered by a rope tied to the axle of the front wheels. Before our family had arrived,

the shebang had been successfully taken down every slope but the steepest. Its name suggested its unusual fashion of reaching the foot of the hill. I tried it but once, on the mildest grade; but its wriggling career proved too much for my nerves, and I landed in an ignominious heap half-way down the slope. When Clara had discovered Marion's spirit of daring, one of the first things she asked was if she would take the shebang down Steep Hill, as they called this one; and take it down Marion did. I never shall forget the sensation in my knees as I saw her gather up the steering-rope. Clara gave a tremendous push that sent the thing rattling and

wobbling down the hill, while the boys stood by and grinned. Strange to say, the trip was accomplished in safety, and with a shout of triumph Marion climbed out half-way up the next slope."

Miss Lisle paused, but Lucy exclaimed with a long breath of delighted interest:

"Oh, please go on! Reminiscences are so interesting!"

"Let me see: what else came before the

Bushy Pond episode? Oh, yes!—there was the tree in the further meadow, which had a high limb from which only John had ever dared to drop to the ground; but Marion eclipsed his performance by hanging with one arm while Clara counted fifty before she let go of the limb. After a while the boys stopped planning to play with us, which was not

strange, as we did put on rather provoking airs, and sometimes I am afraid we were

almost mean. At length they formed a society, and tried in every way to prevent our finding out the time and place of their meetings. However, one morning Clara was too quick for them, and came racing over to tell us she had made the discovery that the



MARION WINS THE RACE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

famous society was holding its meeting in an empty room of the back barn.

"Five minutes after she had given the information we were stealing cautiously toward the barn. Clara had selected for our vantage-ground a position under a window that opened on what had once been the cow-yard. Our object was to listen until we heard something with which to tantalize the boys later on, and then to go away. With our skirts held closely about us, we succeeded in noiselessly climbing the rickety fence, and gained our place under the window, which was partly opened.

"John was addressing the meeting on some subject of a historical nature, for we heard him say something about 'when Gates made Burgoyne surrender, and saved New York from being invaded.' As we listened I saw Marion's lip curl. If there was one subject upon which she found it hard to keep silence, it was United States history; for she loved it dearly, and had read more in that line than most boys and girls of her age. In fact, one of the boys' grievances had been her beating them 'all to pieces' in a game where three minutes had been given for writing names and events in that history, beginning with each letter of the alphabet in turn. I knew that General Schuyler was one of Marion's prime favorites, and that any mention of Burgoyne's surrender without bringing in his name would make her wildly indignant; but, to my surprise, she suffered John to proceed until he shouted out something about 'when George Washington signed the Declaration of Independence.' Then she could stand it no longer, and turning to Clara and me, she whispered: 'Do you think you could hoist me up so I can reach the sill?' Hoist we did with all our might. With a mighty scratching and scrabbling, she went up, and the meeting was startled by her breathless, 'George Washington never signed the Declaration; he was too busy taking care of the army in New York; and if you are going to talk about Burgoyne's getting beaten, I think you had better say something about General Schuyler—' Just there the hoisting-power gave out, and Marion descended with a thump as one of the boys indignantly slammed down the window.

"All this was provoking enough; but when

it came to the question of the fastest runner, that was what tried the boys' souls. Over and over again they would propose a race from the barn to the house; but as sure as the race was finished, Marion would be first at the goal. To beat four boys, three of whom were older than herself, was something of which I think she had a right to be proud. She used to confide to me that John's steps seemed to come nearer every time they raced; but she managed to hold her own even to the last trial that took place the morning we left for home."

Miss Emily paused again, but Lucy's interest seemed unabated, so she went on:

"I really can think of nothing else but the Bushy Pond afternoon, and I must hurry with that, or Sister Marion will be back from her letters. One morning we found the boys whittling pine shingles. Marion and I knew better than to ask for what they were intended; but as soon as Clara appeared she took in the situation. They were making boats to sail on Bushy Pond, for she had heard her eldest brother say he was going there to sketch that afternoon, and her mother never let the younger ones go to the pond without him. She proposed that we go too; and though she did not know the way, the boys could not get off without our seeing them. Cousin Clara was a famous whittler, so there was no doubt that our boats would be quite equal to any of the boys' workmanship. They were not very elaborate: flat shingles whittled to a point at one end, with a single mast at the base of the point. The sails were half-sheets of commercial note-paper, with two slits through which the mast was slipped. Clara insisted on each of us being provided with a number of these sails. After dinner we prepared to keep a sharp watch. Clara was up by the barn, Marion at the back of the house, and I on the road in front. However, Fate seemed against us; for just as the boys showed themselves in the barn door, a girl caller for 'Clara and Clara's cousins' appeared. There was nothing to be done but to go to the house. As we reached the porch the boys and their boats disappeared behind the barn.

"I have always felt that our cordiality to that girl caller was not quite what it should

have been; for after a very short stay she announced that she had promised to be at home early. I hope she did not see any connection between her remark and my asking if she knew the way to Bushy Pond. Imagine our delight when she told us that it was near to the road on which she lived, and that she would show us the way if we would walk along with her! We accepted the invitation, and if I live to be one hundred I shall never forget those boys' faces when we appeared; but they were having too fine a time to stay long provoked. They even volunteered to cut for us the long branches that were used to poke our boats and to hook them in when they floated too far from shore. The object of each was to conduct his or her boat entirely around the pond without wetting the sail. It was no easy task, for a too vigorous poke from the guiding branch was sure to overturn the boat, and that meant a return to the starting-point and a fresh sail. We were getting along finely. My boat had been around twice, Clara and Marion had each finished their first successful voyage, when we were all suddenly startled by a prolonged 'Moo-o-o!' We looked up, and saw several cows gazing down in surprise on their usually quiet drinking-place.

"I had always imagined that Marion had no especial liking for cows, but neither my uncle's family nor ours kept any, and as we children seldom went out of the fields belonging to the two places, I had never seen my sister brought face to face with them. When I turned to look at her, I found she had gone over by Cousin Fred. Carl called out that her boat was floating out of reach, then turned to see why she did not answer. There was no mistaking the expression of Marion's face, and he shouted, 'Marion's 'fraid of the cows! 'Fore I'd be scared at a mooly—!'

That was almost more than Marion could stand, and she started back toward the pond; but the sight of three more pairs of horns sent her back to Cousin Fred, where she waited till one of the creatures, having finished drinking, turned in her direction. I saw her say something to Cousin Fred; but he only kept on sketching, and called out for one of the boys to drive the cow away, as Marion wanted to climb

up in the willow-tree. The boys looked amazed, and Ned asked, 'What does she want to roost there for?' but John, after one glance at Marion's white cheeks, dashed forward, held out his hand to help Marion down the bank, then walked beside her to the willow-tree, and before we could say Jack Robinson her blue sailor hat stuck out from the topmost branches.

At length the cows departed, and we did likewise. The boys teased Marion unmercifully all the way home, but she stood it nobly. That night, when we had gone up to our room, she confided to me that she deserved every bit of the teasing, and that she did n't know what she would have done if she and Clara and I had been at the pond alone. Then she suddenly asked me if it would be wrong if she should let John win the next race. I was too surprised to answer, so with the proudest look I had ever seen she proceeded to tell me that when John left us at his gate, that afternoon, he had told her that he did n't see why she need be so scared, that he guessed she could run faster than any cow she would ever meet. Before I had time to say a word she finished my surprise by declaring that she would rather *one* boy had said that about her running than to have it said by Clara and me and all the girls she had ever known, put together. However, we agreed that John was hardly the sort of boy to put up with a give-away victory, so the result was, as I told you, that Marion held her own in the running line to the end of our visit."

"Well, those fellows must have had a queer set of legs!" was the exclamation from the doorway as Miss Lisle finished her story. There stood Dean, with the book in his hand, showing suspiciously few pages turned over.

"I always knew," he proceeded, "that Cousin Marion must have been a fine kind of a youngster; but I would n't give much for a fellow of fourteen who could n't beat a girl of twelve."

"What's up for discussion now?" asked a deep, jolly voice, and Cousin Jack appeared at the open porch door and came forward to where Dean was standing.

"Nothing, sir. Miss Emily was telling about Cousin Marion's beating some boys running

when she was a little girl, and I said I would n't give much for those boys' legs."

"Oh, you would n't, would n't you?" and Cousin Jack gave a comical, questioning glance

which I believe you have always admired. What are you going to do about it?"

Dean looked dumfounded, and Lucy gave a sudden bounce in her seat, exclaiming, "Miss Emily! Then that 'John' in the story was really our 'Cousin Jack'!"

Miss Lisle smiled assent, but Dean was the next to speak:

"All I can say, sir, is that you must have gone into the running business pretty lively since, if you could be beaten by a girl at fourteen."

"So I did; but let me tell you that it was no joke even to keep at that same girl's heels. It was owing to that experience that I made up my mind to be a good runner at any cost. I have often told Cousin Marion that all the prizes I ever received were really due to her."

"Not all, Cousin Jack," Lucy hastened to say; "because in a book of yours that Cousin Marion lent me the other day, was written that it was a prize for the best examination in United States history." Mr. Maxwell shook his head with a mock-melancholy air.

"She was at the bottom of that one, too,

Lucy; for her history was as bad—or rather, as good—as her running; and my old master may be wondering yet what started me up into such a shining historical light that winter after the Lises were in Oldport. He little knew that my chief motive was that I would not be beaten by—that clever little bundle of petticoats!" finished Cousin Jack as his wife came into the room.

All that evening Dean was unusually silent. Somehow he felt rather turned upside down in some of his notions. The silence lasted until



"LUCE, ARE YOU AFRAID OF COWS?" ASKED DEAN SUDDENLY."

at Miss Lisle, who answered by a merry shake of her head. Whereupon Mr. Maxwell taking Dean by the shoulders, swung him round so that he faced a cabinet on the top shelf of which were displayed various cups and medals. Then he said impressively:

"Well, one of those despised pairs of legs belonged to me and won those cups and medals

the twins were half-way home, when he asked suddenly :

“ Luce, are you afraid of cows ? ”

“ I should rather say I was ! ” his sister replied. “ Did n’t you know that was the reason I would not go to Uncle Thomas’s last summer ? ”

“ Hm-m, ” was her brother’s only comment. There was another silence, lasting until they reached the corner of their own street ; then Dean spoke again :

“ Say, have you done your ‘ Caesar ’ for Monday ? ”

“ Yes ; ” and there was a tone of suppressed wonder in the monosyllable.

“ What do you make of the construction of ‘ veteris contumeliae ’ ? ”

“ I thought it was genitive after ‘ oblivisci,’ meaning ‘ to forget the old injury.’ ”

“ Hm-m ; guess you ’re right. Tried your Algebra ? ”

“ Tried it ? Yes ; but I can’t manage those problems. Don’t you think they are hard ? ”

“ They ’re twisty, till you get the hang of them. I did four while I was waiting for Tom.”

“ Dean Eliot ! Then you did them in less than twenty minutes, and I have worked three quarters of an hour already ! ”

“ There ’s only one puzzling point. Wait till to-morrow afternoon, and I guess I can fix things so you will see through them. I was n’t going to do them all, but perhaps I might as well finish them up.”

“ Thank you, ” was all Lucy said, but it was spoken in her heartiest tone.

Surprise the second came several days later, in a proposal by Dean to play a set of tennis. The reason was stated thus :

“ Tom Gaines has taught me a new ‘ serve ’ ; he says a girl can’t take it. I said you could, and I want to see how you will manage it.”

The set was played, each game was “ deuce, ” and the final score was seven to five in Dean’s favor. Which of the twins, do you suppose, enjoyed that score the more ?

“ FRITZ.”

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.



HAS anybody seen
my “ Fritz ” ?
You may not
think him
pretty,
But he ’s the dog
that I love
best
In country or
in city.
His hair ’s a
sort of grizzly
gray,

And not so very curly ;
But he can run like everything,
And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well ;
And sometimes when I call,

He only sits and wags his tail
And does not stir at all.
But the reason why he acts that way
Is very plain to see :
Fritz does n’t know that he ’s my dog —
He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
’T would be just like him, now,
To think that I ’m the one that ’s lost,
And with a great bow-wow
To go off hunting
for his boy
Through alley,
lane, and street,
While I am asking
for my dog
Of every one I
meet.





THE MOUSE TO THE SLEEPING ANGORA CAT: "PEEK-A-BOO!"

A WHITE RED SQUIRREL.

BY EMILY G. HUNT, M. D.

SOME girl cousins of mine living in New Jersey have an odd pet. It is a white red squirrel.

You have all seen red squirrels—"chickarees" they call them, from the sounds of their chattering and scolding, as they drop nutshells on your head, or run down a tree-trunk by fits and starts, giving a little "chick" with each forward rush, while they watch you sharply.

Our little pet is like one of these in every way, except that he is so snowy white that the cleanest table-cloth looks dingy compared to him.

He was born in a cranberry-bog. Some men cutting brush there saw two strange little animals, one white, the other cream-colored.

They caught this white one by throwing a coat over him, but the creamy squirrel ran away.

When the captive was brought home all admired him greatly, for he was, as you may imagine, a very beautiful little creature, with his long bushy tail and bright woodland tricks.

But there is one really strange thing about him: his eyes are not red or pink, as are those of most white animals, but they are as black as any squirrel's could be. So my girl cousins call him "Beads."

When an animal belonging to a species commonly dark in color is born white instead, it is called an "albino." You have all seen albino

rabbits and rats and mice. Their eyes are pink. So that Beads is really a most uncommon fellow, a snowy squirrel with jet-black eyes.

Albino or not, he is at any rate a most winning little pet, and there is no end to his pretty ways. As a cat and a kitten live with the same family, he has to be kept in a squirrel-cage; but he is let out a long time each day. Then Beads is quite happy. He climbs up the back of the chair and nibbles the hair of the person seated in it, gnaws the flowers in the windowsill, rushes up the stems of the callas, and scratches in the earth until it flies on all sides. He will rub his head and face and all his body in the earth, until his clean white dress is a sight to behold. After that he hops to the floor, and rubs his face carefully upon the carpet.

He loves to retire to a corner or under a piece of furniture for his toilet, going in gray and coming out white. If you peep and watch him, it is great fun, for he scrubs and combs himself with his paws in the neatest way, washes his face just as a cat does, and then takes his big tail in his paws and uses it for a towel! One often hears people wonder why squirrels have such big tails. All know that they are useful as balancing-poles and blankets, and are charming as ornaments, but not many are in Beads's secret of their usefulness as towels.

Our pet was brought in from the woods and fields in winter, and taken into a warm room. Soon his kind mother Nature began to take off his cold-weather clothes by making him shed his fur in patches. But when he was hung in his cage in a room without a fire, the fur came on again as thick as ever.

Since he could no longer run up trees and keep his claws worn down, they grew so long as to catch in the carpet. His friends were afraid he might break his legs, so they held him and very carefully cut his nails.

Beads has his own notions about his food. He makes but one meal a day, eating very heartily of corn, taking the sweet kernels only, and throwing the rest away. He always keeps a nut or two soaking in his water-cup to soften and to save his teeth. He hides most of his store in his bed, always eating the nuts that have been in the water. Others he loves to hide all over the room, whence they come rolling down on one at unexpected moments.

He was presented with a big box of woods earth to dig in. In this he loves to hide a nut. Then he will begin his usual scratching, gradually clearing all away but just a column where his treasure is, as he supposes, hidden.



"BEADS."

One of his friends tried her new camera on Beads, and the picture shows you how he looks sitting on a wicker-chair back, nibbling the crisp edge of a beloved salt-cracker.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

BY A. T. SCHUMAN.

A GLINT of blue flits 'neath the sky,
Amid the merry May-time;
A living gem, light-winged and shy,
Enjoying its brief play-time.

Now perched upon an alder-spray
That bends beneath its lightness,
It gives unto the dewy day
A soft and sudden brightness.

And from its little throbbing throat
Comes "Twitter, twitter, twitter!"
A sweet, a swift, a slender note,
But never one that 's bitter.

A cheery voice that tells of Spring,
At rosy dawn and after;
The busy Blue-bird carolling
A song of love and laughter.



"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW."

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XX.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

NICK landed upon a pile of soft earth. It broke away under his feet and threw him forward upon his hands and knees. He got up, a little shaken but unhurt, and stood close to the wall, looking all about quickly. A party of gaily dressed gallants were haggling with the horse-boys at the sheds; but they did not even look at him. A passing carter stared up at the window, measuring the distance with his eye, whistled incredulously, and trudged on.

Nick listened a moment, but heard only the clamor of voices inside, and the zoon, zoon, zoon of the viol. He was trembling all over, and his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. He wanted to run, but was fearful of exciting suspicion. Heading straight for the river, he walked as fast as he could through the gardens and the trees, brushing the dirt from his hose as he went.

There was a wherry just pushing out from Old Marigold stairs with a single passenger, a gardener with a basket of truck.

"Holloo!" cried Nick, hurrying down; "will ye take me across?"

"For thrippence," said the boatman, hauling the wherry alongside again with his hook.

Thrippence? Nick stopped, dismayed. Master Carew had his gold rose-noble, and he had not thought of the fare. They would soon find that he was gone.

"Oh, I must be across, sir," he cried. "Can ye na take me free? I be little and not heavy; and I will help the gentleman with his basket."

The boatman's only reply was to drop his hook and push off with the oar.

But the gardener, touched by the boy's pitiful expression, to say nothing of being tickled

by Nick's calling him gentleman, spoke up: "Here, jack-sculler," said he; "I 'll toss up wi' thee for it." He pulled a groat from his pocket and began spinning it in the air. "Come, thou lookest a gamesome fellow — cross he goes, pile he stays; best two in three flips — what sayst?"

"Done!" said the waterman. "Pop her up!"

Up went the groat.

Nick held his breath.

"Pile it is," said the gardener. "One for thee — and up she goes again!" The groat twirled in the air and came down *clink* upon the thwart.

"Aha!" cried the boatman, "'t is mine, or I 'm a horse!"

"Nay, jack-sculler," laughed the gardener; "cross it is! Ka me, ka thee, my pretty groat — I never lose with this groat."

"Oh, sir, do be brisk!" begged Nick, fearing every instant to see the master-player and the bandy-legged man come running down the bank.

"More haste, worse speed," said the gardener; "only evil weeds grow fast!" and he rubbed the groat on his jerkin. "Now, jack-sculler, hold thy breath; for up she goes again!"

A man came running over the rise. Nick gave a little frightened cry. It was only a huckster's knave with a roll of fresh butter. The groat came down with a splash in the bottom of the wherry. The boatman picked it up out of the water and wiped it with his sleeve. "Here, boy, get aboard," said he, shoving off; "and be lively about it!"

The huckster's knave came running down the landing. He pushed Nick aside, and scrambled into the wherry, puffing for breath. The boat fell off into the current. Nick, making a plunge for it into the water, just managed to

catch the gunwale and get aboard, wet to the knees. But he did not care for that; for although there were people going up Paris Garden lane, and a crowd about the entrance of the Rose, he could not see Master Carew or the bandy-legged man anywhere. So he breathed a little freer, yet kept his eyes fast upon the play-house until the wherry bumped against Blackfriars stairs.

Picking up the basket of truck, he sprang ashore, and, dropping it upon the landing, took

a wicket-gate that was standing half ajar, and went through it into the old cloisters.

Everything there was still. He was glad of that, for the noise and the rush of the crowd outside confused him.

The place had once been a well kept garden-plot; but now was become a mere stack of odds and ends of boards, and beams, shavings, mortar, and broken brick. A long-legged fellow with a green patch over one eye was building a pair of stairs to a door beside which a sign read: "Playeres Here: None Elles."

Nick doffed his cap. "Good-day," said he; "is Master Will Shakspere in?"

The man put down his saw and sat back upon one of the trestles, staring stupidly: "Didst za-ay zummat?"

"I asked if Master Will Shakspere was in?"

The fellow scratched his head with a bit of shaving. "Noa, Muster Wull Zhacksper beant in."

Nick's heart stopped with a thump. "Where is he—do ye know?"

"A 's gone awa-ay," drawled the workman vaguely.

"Away? Whither?"

"A 's gone to Ztratvoard to-own, whur 's woife do li-ive — went a-yesterday."

Nick sat blindly down upon the other trestle. He did not put his cap on again: he had quite forgotten it.

Master Will Shakspere gone to Strat-



"'ZTOP UN, ZTOP UN, DO NOW!' SAID THE WORKMAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to his heels up the bank, without stopping to thank either gardener or boatman.

The gray walls of the old friary were just ahead, scarcely a stone's throw from the river. With heart beating high, he ran along the close, looking eagerly for the entrance. He came to

ford—and only the day before! Too late—just one little day too late! It seemed like cruel mockery. Why, he might be almost home! The thought was more than he could bear: who could be brave in the face

of such a blow? The bitter tears ran down his face again.

"Here, here, odzookens, lad!" grinned the workman stolidly, "thou 't vetch t' river up if weeps zo ha-ard. Ztop un, ztop un; do now."

Nick sat staring at the ground. A beetle was trying to crawl over a shaving. It was a curly shaving, and as fast as the beetle crept up to the top the shaving rolled over, and dropped the beetle upon its back in the dust; but it only got up and tried again. Nick looked up. "Is—is Master Richard Burbage here, then?"

Perhaps Burbage, who had been a Stratford man, would help him.

"Noa," drawled the carpenter; "Muster Bubbage beant here; doan't want un, nuther—nuvver do moind a's own business—always jawin' volks. A beant here, an' doan't want un, nuther."

Nick's heart went down. "And where is he?"

"Who? Muster Bubbage? Whoy, a beeth out to Zhoreditch, a-playin' at t' theater."

"And where may Shoreditch be?"

"Whur be Zhoreditch?" gaped the workman, vacantly. "Whoy—whoy, zummers over there a bit yon, sure"; and he waved his hand about in a way that pointed to nowhere at all.

"When will he be back?" asked Nick, desperately.

"Be ba-ack?" drawled the workman, slowly taking up his saw again; "back whur?—here? Whoy, a wun't pla-ay here no mo-ore avore next Martlemas."

Martinmas? That was almost mid-November. It was now but middle May.

Nick got up and went out at the wicket-gate. He was beginning to feel sick and a little faint. The rush in the street made him dizzy, and the sullen roar that came down on the wind from the town, mingled with the tramping of feet, the splash of oars, the bumping of boats along the wharves, and the shouts and cries of a thousand voices, stupefied him.

He was standing there motionless in the narrow way, as if dazed by a heavy fall, when Gaston Carew came running up from the river-front, with the bandy-legged man at his heels.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH THE CATHEDRAL BOYS.

AN old gray rat came out of its hole, ran swiftly across the floor, and, sitting up, crouched there, peering at Nick. He thought its bare, scaly tail was not a pleasant thing to see; yet he looked at it, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands.

He had been locked in for two days now. They had put in plenty of food, and he had eaten it all; for if he starved to death he would certainly never get home.

It was quite warm, and the boards had been taken from the window, so that there was plenty of light. The window faced the north, and in the night, wakened by some outcry in the street below, Nick had leaned his log-pillow against the wainscot, and climbing up, looked out into the sky. It was clear, for a wonder, and the stars were very bright. The moon, like a smoky golden platter, rose behind the eastern towers of the town, and in the north hung the Great Wain pointing at the polar star.

Somewhere underneath those stars was Stratford. The throstles would be singing in the orchard there now, when the sun was low and the cool wind came up from the river with a little whispering in the lane. The purple-gray doves, too, would be cooing softly in the elms over the cottage gable. In fancy he heard the whistle of their wings as they flew. But all the sound that came in over the roofs of London town was a hollow murmur as from a kennel of surly hounds.

"Nick!—oh, Nick!"

Cicely Carew was calling at the door. The rat scurried off to its hole in the wall.

"What there, Nick! Art thou within?" Cicely called again; but Nick made no reply.

"Nick, dear Nick, art crying?"

"No," said he; "I 'm not."

There was a short silence.

"Nick, I say, wilt thou be good if I open the door?"

"No."

"Then I will open it anyway; thou durst n't be bad to me!"

The bolts thumped, and then the heavy door swung slowly back.

"Why, where art thou?"

He was sitting in the corner behind the door.

"Here," said he.

She came in, but he did not look up.

"Nick," she asked earnestly, "why wilt thou be so bad, and try to run away from my father?"

"I hate thy father!" said he, and brought his fist down upon his knee.

"Hate him? Oh, Nick! Why?"



"'OH, NICK, THOU ART MOST BEAUTIFUL TO SEE!' CRIED CICELY."

"If thou be asking whys," said Nick, bitterly, "why did he steal me away from my mother?"

"Oh, surely, Nick, that cannot be true—no, no, it cannot be true. Thou hast forgotten, or thou hast slept too hard and had bad dreams. My father would not steal a pin. It was a nightmare. Doth thine head hurt thee?" She came over and stroked his forehead with her

cool hand. She was a graceful child, and gentle in all her ways. "I am sorry thou dost not feel well, Nick. But my father will come presently, and he will heal thee soon. Don't cry any more."

"I'm not crying," said Nick stoutly, though as he spoke a tear ran down his cheek, and fell upon his hand.

"Then it is the roof leaks," she said, looking up as if she had not seen his tear-blinded eyes.

"But, cheer up, Nick, and be a good boy—wilt thou not? 'T is dinner-time, and thy new clothes have come; and thou art to come down now and try them on."

When Nick came out of the tiring-room and found the master-player come, he knew not what to say or do. "Oh, brave, brave, brave!" cried Cicely, and danced around him, clapping her hands. "Why, it is a very prince—a king! Oh, Nick, thou art most beautiful to see!"

And Master Cawrey's own eyes sparkled; for truly it was a pleasant sight to see a fair young lad like Nick in such attire.

There was a fine white shirt of Holland

linen, and long hose of grayish-blue, with puffed and slashed trunks of velvet so blue as to be almost black. The sleeveless jerkin was of the same dark color, trellised with roses embroidered in silk, and loose from breast to broad lace collar so that the waistcoat of dull gold silk beneath it might show. A cloak of damask with a silver clasp, a buff-leather belt with a chubby purse hung to it by a chain, tan-

colored slippers, and a jaunty velvet cap with a short white plume, completed the array. Everything, too, had been laid down with perfume, so that from head to foot he smelt as sweet and clean as a drift of rose-mallows.

"My soul!" cried Carew, stepping back and snapping his fingers with delight. "Thou art the bravest skylark that ever broke a shell! Fine feathers—fine bird—my soul, how ye do set each other off!" He took Nick by the shoulders, twirled him around, and standing off again, stared at him like a man who has found two pound sterling in a cast-off coat.

"I can na pay for them, sir," said Nick slowly.

"There 's nought to pay—it is a gift."

Nick hung his head, much troubled. What could he say; what could he think? This man had stolen him from home,—ay, made him tremble for his very life a dozen times,—and with his whole heart he knew he hated him—yet here, a gift!

"Yes, Nick, it is a gift—and all because I love thee, lad."

"Love me?"

"Why, surely! Who could see thee without liking, or hear thy voice and not love thee? Love thee, Nick? Why, on my word and honour, lad, I love thee with all my heart."

"Thou hast chosen strange ways to show it, Master Carew," said Nick, and looked straight up into the master-player's eyes.

Carew turned upon his heel and ordered the dinner.

It was a good dinner: fat roast capon stuffed with spiced carrots; asparagus, biscuit, barley-cakes, and honey; and to end with, a flaky pie, and Spanish cordial sprinkled with burnt sugar. With such fare and a keen appetite, a marvelous brand-new suit of clothes, and Cicely chattering gaily by his side, Nick could not be sulky or doleful long. He was soon laughing; and Carew's spirits seemed to rise with the boy's.

"Here, here!" he cried, as Nick was served the third time to the pie; "art hollow to thy very toes? Why, thou 'lt eat us out of house and home—hey, Cicely? Marry come up, I think I 'd best take Ned Alleyn's five shillings for thine hire, after all! What! Five shillings?

Set me in earth and bowl me to death with boiled turnips!—do they think to play bob-fool with me? Five shillings! A fico for their five shillings—and this for them!" and he squeezed the end of his thumb between his fingers. "Cicely, what dost think?—Phil Henslowe had the face to match Jem Bristow with our Nick!"

"Why, daddy, Jem hath a face like a halibut!"

"And a voice like a husky crow. Why, Nick's mere shadow on the stage is worth a ton of Jemmy Bristows. 'T was casting pearls before swine, Nick, to offer thee to Henslowe and Alleyn; but we 've found a better trough than theirs—hey, Cicely Goldenheart, have n't we? Thou art to be one of Paul's boys."

"Paul who?"

Carew lay back in his chair and laughed. "Paul who? Why, Saint Paul, Nick,—'t is Paul's Cathedral boys I mean. Marry, what dost say to that?"

"I 'd like another barley-cake."

"You 'd what?" cried the master-player, letting the front legs of his chair come down on the floor with a thump.

"I 'd like another barley-cake," said Nick quietly, helping himself to the honey.

"Upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour!" ejaculated Carew. "Tell a man his fortune 's made, and he calls for barley-cakes! Why, thou 'dst say 'Pooh!' to a cannon-ball! My faith, boy, dost understand what this doth mean?"

"Ay," said Nick; "that I be hungry."

"But, Nick, upon my soul, thou art to sing with the Children of Paul's; to play with the Cathedral company; to be a bright particular star in the sweetest galaxy that ever shone in English sky! Dost take me yet?"

"Ay," said Nick, and sopped the honey with his cake.

Carew played with his glass uneasily, and tapped his heel upon the floor. "And is that all thou hast to say—hast turned oyster? There 's no R in May—nobody will eat thee! Come, don't make a mouth as though the honey of the world were all turned gall upon thy tongue. 'T is the flood-tide of thy fortune, boy! Thou art to sing before the school

to-morrow, so that Master Nathaniel Gyles may take thy range and worth. Now, truly, thou wilt do thy very best?"

The bandy-legged man had brought water in a ewer, and poured some in a basin for Nick to wash his hands. There was a green ribbon in his ear, and the towel hung across his arm. Nick wiped his hands in silence.

"Come," said Master Carew, with an ugly sharpness in his voice, "thou 'lt sing thy very best?"

"There's nothing else to do," replied Nick doggedly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

MASTER NATHANIEL GYLES, Precentor of St. Paul's, had pipe-stem legs, and a face like an old parchment put in a box to keep. His sandy hair was thin and straggling, and his fine cloth hose wrinkled around his shrunken shanks; but his eye was sharp, and he wore about his neck a broad gold chain that marked him as no common man.

For Master Nathaniel Gyles was head of the Cathedral schools of acting and of music, and he stood upon his dignity.

"My duty is laid down," said he, "in most specific terms, sir,—*lex cathedralis*,—that is to say, by the laws of the cathedral; and has been, sir, since the reign of Richard the Third. *Primus Magister Scholarum, Custos Morum, Quartus Custos Rotulorum*,—so the title stands, sir; and I know my place."

He pushed Nick into the anteroom, and turned to Carew with an irritated air.

"I likewise know, sir, what is what. In plain words, Master Gaston Carew, ye have grossly misrepresented this boy to me, to the waste of much good time. Why, sir, he does not dance a step, and cannot act at all."

"Soft, Master Gyles—be not so fast!" said Carew haughtily, drawing himself up, with his hand on his poniard; "dost mean to tell me that I have lied to thee? Marry, sir, thy tongue will run thee into a blind alley! I told thee that the boy could sing, but not that he could act or dance."

"Pouf, sir,—words! I know my place: one peg below the dean, sir, nothing less: 'Magis-

ter, et cetera'—'t is so set down. And I tell thee, sir, he has no training, not a bit; can't tell a pricksong from a bottle of hay; does n't know a canon from a crocodile, or a fugue from a hole in the ground!"

"Oh, fol-de-riddle de fol-de-rol! What has that to do with it? I tell thee, sir, the boy can sing."

"And, sir, I say I know my place. Music does not grow like weeds."

"And fa-la-las don't make a voice."

"What! How? Wilt thou teach me?" The master's voice rose angrily. "Teach me, who learned descant and counterpoint in the Gallo-Belgic schools, sir; the best in all the world! Thou, who knowest not a staccato from a stick of liquorice!"

Carew shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Come, Master Gyles, this is fool play. I told thee that the boy could sing, and thou hast not yet heard him try. Thou knowest right well I am no such simple gull as to mistake a jay for a nightingale; and I tell thee, sir, upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour, he has the voice that thou dost need if thou wouldst win the favor of the Queen. He has the voice, and thou the thingumbobs to make the most of it. Don't be a fool, now; hear him sing. That's all I ask. Just hear him once. Thou 'lt pawn thine ears to hear him twice."

The music-school stood within the old cathedral grounds. Through the windows came up distantly the murmur of the throng in Paul's Yard. It was mid-afternoon, quite warm; blundering flies buzzed up and down the lozenged panes, and through the dark hall crept the humming sound of childish voices reciting eagerly, with now and then a sharp, small cry as some one faltered in his lines, and had his fingers rapped. Somewhere else there were boyish voices running scales, now up, now down, without a stop, and other voices singing harmonies, two parts and three together, here and there a little flat from weariness.

The stairs were very dark, Nick thought, as they went up to another floor; but the long hall they came into there was quite bright with the sun.

At one end was a little stage, like the one

at the Rose play-house, with a small gallery for musicians above it; but everything here was painted white and gold, and was most scrupulously clean. The rush-strewn floor was filled with oaken benches, and there were paintings hanging upon the wall, portraits of old head-masters and precentors. Some of them were so dark with time that Nick wondered if they had been blackamoors.

Master Gyles closed the great door and pulled a cord that hung by the stage. A bell jangled faintly somewhere in the wall. Nick heard the muffled voices hush, and then a shuffling tramp of slippery feet came up the outer stair.

"Pouf!" said the precentor crustily.

"*Tempus fugit*—that is to say, we have no time to waste. So, marry, boy, *venite, exultemus*—in other words, if thou canst sing, be up and at it. Come, *cantate*—sing, I bid thee, and that instanter—if thou canst sing at all."

The under-masters and monitors were pushing the boys into their seats. Carew pointed to the stage. "Thou 'lt do thy level best!" he said in a low, hard tone, and something clashed beneath his cloak like steel on steel.

Nick went up the steps behind the screen. It seemed cold in the room; he had not noticed it before. Yet there were sweat-drops upon his forehead. He felt as if he were a jackanapes he had seen once at the Stratford

fair, which wore a crimson jerkin and a cap. The man who had the jackanapes played upon a pipe and a tabor; and when he said, "Dance!" the jackanapes danced, for it was sorely afraid of the man. Yet when Nick looked around and did not see the master-player anywhere in the hall, he felt exceedingly lonely all at once without him, though he both feared and hated him.

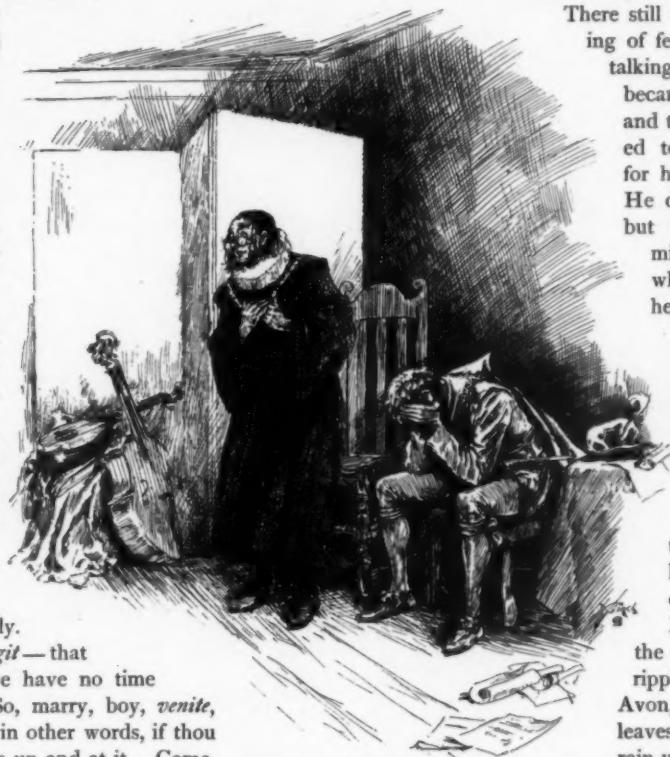
There still was a shuffling of feet and a low talking; but soon it became very quiet, and they all seemed to be waiting for him to begin. He did not care, but supposed he might as well: what else could he do?

There was a clock somewhere ticking quickly with its sharp, metallic ring. As he listened, lonely, his heart cried out for home. In his fancy the wind seemed rippling over the Avon, and the elm-leaves rustled like rain upon the roof above his bed. There were red and

"*THAT VOICE, THAT VOICE!*" NAT GYLES PANTED TO HIMSELF."

white wild-roses in the hedge, and in the air a smell of clover and of new-mown hay. The mowers would be working in the clover in the moonlight. He could almost see the sweep of the shining scythes, and hear the chink-a-chank, chink-a-chank of the whetstone on the long, curving blades. Chink-a-chank, chink-a-chank—'t was but the clock, and he in London town.

Carew, sitting there behind the carven prompter's-screen, put down his head between



his hands and listened. There were murmurings a little while, then silence. Would the boy never begin? He pressed his knuckles into his temples and waited. Bow Bells rang out the hour; but the room was as still as a deep sleep. Would the boy never begin?

The precentor sniffed. It was a contemptuous, incredulous sniff. Carew looked up—his lips white, a fierce red spot in each cheek. He was talking to himself: "By the whistle of the Lord High Admiral!" he said—but there he stopped and held his breath. Nick was singing.

Only the old madrigal, with its half-forgotten words that other generations sang before they fell asleep. How queer it sounded there! It was a very simple tune, too; yet, as he sang, the old precentor started from his chair and pressed his wrinkled hands together against his breast. He quite forgot the sneer upon his face, and it went fading out like breath from a frosty pane.

He had twelve boys who could sing a hundred songs at sight from unfamiliar notes; who kept the beat and marked the time as if their throats were pendulums; could syncopate and floriate as readily as breathe. And this was only a common country song.

But—"That voice, that voice!" he panted to himself: for old Nat Gyles was music-mad; melody to him was like the very breath of life. And the boy's high, young voice, soft as a flute and silver clear, throbbed in the air as if his very heart were singing out of his body in the sound. And then, like the skylark rising, up, up it went, and up, up, up, till the older choristers held their breath and feared that the vibrant tone would break, so slender, film-like was the trembling thread of the boy's wild skylark song. But no; it trembled there, high, sweet, and clear, a moment in the air; and then came running, rippling, floating down, as though some one had set a song on fire in the sky, and dropped it quivering and bright into a shadow world. Then suddenly it was gone, and the long hall was still.

The old precentor stepped beyond the screen.

Gaston Carew's face was in his hands, and his shoulders shook convulsively: "I'll leave thee go, lad,—*ma foi*, I'll leave thee go. But, nay, I dare not leave thee go!"

Some one came and tapped him on the shoulder. It was the sub-precentor. "Master Gyles would speak with thee, sir," said he, in a low tone, as if half afraid of the sound of his own voice in the quiet that was in the hall.

Carew drew his hand hastily over his face, as if to take the old one off and put a new one on, then arose and followed the man.

The old precentor stood with his hand still clasped against his breast. "*Mirabile!*" he was saying with bated breath. "It is impossible, and I have dreamed! Yet *credo*—I believe—*quia impossibile est*—because it is impossible. Tell me, Carew, do I wake or dream—or, stay, was it a soul I heard? Ay, Carew, 't was a soul: the lad's own white, young soul. My faith, I said he was of no account! *Satis verborum*—say no more. *Humanum est errare*—I am a poor old fool; and there's a sour bug flown in mine eye that makes it water so!" He wiped his eyes, for the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Thou 't take him, then?" asked Carew.

"Take him?" cried the old precentor, catching the master-player by the hand. "Marry, that will I; a voice like that grows not on every bush. Take him? Pouf! I know my place—he shall be entered on the rolls at once."

"Good!" said Carew. "I shall have him learn to dance, and teach him how to act myself. He stays with me, ye understand; thy school fare is miserly. I'll dress him, too; for these students' robes are shabby stuff. But for the rest—"

"Trust me," said Master Gyles; "he shall be the first singer of them all. He shall be taught—but who can teach the lark its song, and not do horrid murder on it? Faith, Carew, I'll teach the lad myself; ay, all I know. I studied in the best schools in the world."

"And, hark 'e, Master Gyles," said Carew sternly all at once; "thou 't come no royal placard and seizure on me—ye have sworn. The boy is mine to have and to hold, with all that he earns, in spite of thy prerogatives."

For the kings of old had given the masters of this school the right to take for St. Paul's choir whatever voices pleased them, wherever they might be found, by force if not by favor,



"AS THEY CAME AUBRAM, CAREW, RISING, DOFFED HIS HAT, AND BOWED POLITELY TO THEM ALL."

barring only the royal singers at Windsor; and when men have such privileges it is best to be wary how one puts temptation in their way.

"Thou hadst mine oath before I even saw the boy," said the precentor haughtily. "Dost think me perjured—*Primus Magister Scholærum, Custos Morum, Quartus Custos Rotulorum!* Pouf! I know my place. My oath 's my oath. But, soft; enough—here comes the boy. Who could have told a skylark in such popinjay attire?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW LIFE.

AND now a strange, new life began for Nicholas Attwood, in some things so grand and kind that he almost hated to dislike it.

It was different in every way from the simple, pinching round in Stratford, and full of all the comforts of richness and plenty that make life happy—excepting home and mother.

Master Gaston Carew would have nothing but the best, and what he wanted, whether he needed it or not; so with him money came like a summer rain, and went like water out of a sieve: for he was a wild blade.

They ate their breakfast when they pleased; dined at eleven, like the nobility; supped at five, as was the fashion of the court. They had wheatbread the whole week round, as only rich folk could afford, with fruit and berries in their season, and honey from the Surrey bee-farms that made one's mouth water with the sight of it dripping from the flaky comb; and on Fridays spitchcocked eels, pickled herrings, and plums, with simnel-cakes, poached eggs and milk, cream cheese and cordial, like very kings; so that Nick could not help thriving.

The master-player very seldom left him by himself to mope or to be melancholy; but while ever vaguely promising to let him go, did everything in his power to make him rather wish to stay; so that Nick was constantly surprised by the free-handed kindness of this man whom he had every other reason in the world, he thought, for deeming his worst enemy.

When there were any new curiosities in Fleet Street,—wild men with rings in their noses, wondrous fishes, puppet-shows, or red-capped

baboons whirling on a pole,—Carew would have Nick see them as well as Cicely; and often took them both to Bartholomew's Fair, where there was a giant eating raw beef and a man dancing upon a rope high over the heads of the people. He would have had Nick every Thursday to the bear-baiting in the Paris Garden circus besides; but one sight of that brutal sport made the boy so sick that they never went again, but to the stage-plays at the Rose instead, which Nick enjoyed immensely, for Carew himself acted most excellently, and Master Tom Heywood always came and spoke kindly to the lonely boy.

For, in spite of all, Nick's heart ached so at times that he thought it would surely break with longing for his mother. And at night, when all the house was still and dark, and he alone in bed, all the little, unconsidered things of home—the beehives and the fragrant mint beside the kitchen door, the smell of the baking bread or frying carrots, the sound of the red-cheeked harvest apples dropping in the orchard, and the plump of the old bucket in the well—came back to him so vividly that many a time he cried himself to sleep, and could not have forgotten if he would.

On Midsummer Day there was a Triumph on the river at Westminster, with a sham-fight and a great shooting of guns and hurling of balls of wild-fire. The Queen was there, and the ambassadors of France and Venice, with the Duke of Lennox and the Earls of Arundel and Southampton. Master Carew took a wherry to Whitehall, and from the green there they watched the show.

The Thames was fairly hidden by the boats, and there was a grand state bark all trimmed with silk and velvet for the Queen to be in to see the pastime. But as for that, all Nick could make out was the high carved stern of the bark, painted with England's golden lions, and the bark was so far away that he could not even tell which was the Queen.

Coming home by Somerset House, a large barge passed them with many watermen rowing, and fine carpets about the seats; and in it the old Lord Chamberlain and his son my Lord Hunsdon, who, it was said, was to be the Lord Chamberlain when his father died; for the old

lord was failing, and the Queen liked clever young men about her.

In the barge, besides their followers, were a company of richly dressed gentlemen, who were having a very gay time together, and seemed to please the old Lord Chamberlain exceedingly with the things they said. They were somebodies, as Nick could very well see from their carriage and address; and, so far as the barge allowed, they were all clustered about one fellow in the seat by my Lord Hunsdon. He seemed to be the chiefest spokesman of them all, and every one appeared very glad indeed to be friendly with him. My Lord Hunsdon himself made free with his nobility, and sat beside him arm in arm.

What he was saying they were too far away to hear in the shouting and splash; but those with him in the barge were listening as eagerly as children to a merry tale. Sometimes they laughed until they held their sides; and then again as suddenly they were very quiet, and played softly with their tankards and did not look at each other as he went gravely on telling his story. Then all at once he would wave his hand gaily and his smile would sparkle out, and the whole company, from the old Lord Chamberlain down, would brighten up again, as if a new dawn had come over the hills into their hearts from the light of his hazel eyes.

Nick made no doubt that this was some young earl rolling in wealth; for who else could have such listeners? Yet there was, nevertheless, something so familiar in his look that he could not help staring at him as the barge came thumping through the jam.

They passed along an oar's-length or two away; and as they came abeam, Carew, rising, doffed his hat, and bowed politely to them all.

In spite of his wild life, he was a striking, handsome man.

The old Lord Chamberlain said something to his son, and pointed with his hand. All the company in the barge turned round to look; and he who had been talking stood up quickly with his hand upon the young lord's arm, and smiling, waved his cap.

Nick gave a sharp cry.

Then the barge pushed through, and shot away down stream like a wild swan.

"Why, Nick," exclaimed Cicely, "how dreadful thou dost look!" and, frightened, she caught him by the hand. "Why, oh!—what is it, Nick—thou art not ill?"

"It was Will Shakspere!" cried Nick, and sank into the bottom of the wherry with his head upon the master-player's knee. "Oh, Master Carew," he cried, "will ye never leave me go?"

Carew laid his hand upon the boy's head, and patted it gently.

"Why, Nick," said he, and cleared his throat, "is not this better than Stratford?"

"Oh, Master Carew—mother's there!" was the reply.

There was no sound but the thud of oars in the rowlocks and the hollow bubble of the water at the stern, for they had fallen out of the hurry and were coming down alone.

"Is thy mother a good woman, Nick?" asked Cicely.

Carew was staring out into the fading sky. "Ay, sweetheart," he answered in a queer, husky voice, suddenly putting his arm about her and the other around Nick's shoulders. "None but a good mother could have so good a son."

"Then thou wilt send him home, daddy?" asked Cicely.

Carew took her hand in his, but answered nothing.

They had come to the landing.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

BY GEORGE B. SMITH.

IN the month of August, in the year 1869, General Grant, having begun his first administration as President of the United States, and finding himself in need of recreation, determined to make a flying trip through the principal points of interest in the White Mountains. The weather elsewhere was hot, the mountains were cool, and he had never visited them.

The President accordingly started with a party of about twenty-five persons, and made a brief tour of the mountains, reaching the village of Bethlehem, eleven miles from the Profile House, on the 27th. He stayed at the St. Clair House, from which point he was to be conveyed to the Profile House by carriage. In those days there were no mountain railways to whirl one from point to point, and from one large hotel to another as now. Tourists went by stage and carriage from place to place. Every morning ten or twelve large "Concord" coaches were backed up to the portico of the Profile, six horses harnessed to each coach, awaiting the hour of starting, and when seven o'clock arrived, they departed, one for Lyttleton, one for Plymouth, another for the Crawford House, and so on. It was considered one of the amusements of the guests, to rise early and see the stages start. Touring with private coaches as practised now, with well appointed turnouts and teams of thoroughbreds, was almost unknown to the gentlemen of that day.

When General Grant reached Bethlehem, word was telegraphed to the Profile that he was waiting to be taken over. At that time a man by the name of Edward Cox carried people from the hotel to the Flume, one of the sights of the mountains. For this purpose he drove a large wagon, resembling a band-wagon, capable of seating fifteen persons. It was roomy, the springs were good, and it had a high box in

front, where Mr. Cox sat and held the reins, like a genuine Dan Phaeton.

Everybody at the Profile knew Cox, and all knew he was going over to Bethlehem for the President, and after dinner the writer walked out to the stables, where "Ed" was busy hitching up and getting ready to go for the general. Cox loved a good horse as a sculptor loves a fine piece of statuary or as a painter loves a beautiful picture.

And, liking the best of horses, he always had them. It was said there was a snug corner down in Vermont, known only to him, where a certain breed of thoroughbred colts could be had, and that Cox slipped down there each Spring and bought the choicest of them. So, in addition to his regular business of carrying sightseers to the Flume, and other points of interest, he turned a handsome penny each season by selling fine horses to wealthy buyers; and many a select pair was transferred from his stable to those of gentlemen in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia.

The eight beauties stood in their places before the Flume Chariot as the last finishing touches were being given preparatory to the start. And indeed they were a noble team. Each a bright bay, with head up and ears erect, with a coat glistening in the sunshine, and eyes full of life, they seemed to say, "We are going to bring the President." Mr. Cox valued the leaders at \$3000. Not a spot or blemish could be found on the entire team.

About three o'clock Cox started, and jogged along easily toward Bethlehem. It was one of the important occasions of his life, and he felt it. But he did not propose to wear out his steeds by useless haste, until the time came. It was eleven solid long mountain miles to Bethlehem, but, by judicious management, this



"OFF FOR THE PROFILE!" — MAKING A RECORD.

would be only the better for the animals, and fit them for the grand effort to come later.

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's seat, he said to Cox, "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, General," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The President was dressed in high silk hat, black suit, and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist!" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph-operator at the Sinclair sat with finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of my readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile, will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water,

famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by, the gunner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal-gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—*bang!* went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. "It cannot be!" "Look at the time!" "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the expected party. In what seemed an incredibly short time we heard the tramping of the flying steeds, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

Never will I forget the scene, as they swung into the large circular space before the building. Ed Cox stood up on the foot-board, with teeth set, eyes blazing, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, ears back flat to their heads, and nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He had made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

In *The Century Magazine* for November, 1892, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer gave the result of a trial of speed in modern coaching. This journey was in France over roads kept in constant repair by strict enforcement of law, and the trial was under the direction of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which implies that every possible effort was made to insure quick time. The course was from the *Herald* office in Paris to Trouville, distant 140 miles. Horses stationed in advance were changed thirteen times, and driven, as Mr. Tailer himself shows, unsparingly. Nine people were in the party, and the time made was,

for the entire trip, ten hours and fifty minutes, or a little over twelve miles an hour, including changes, over macadamized French roads, comparatively level.

Contrast this showing of twelve miles in sixty minutes, with every advantage, and that of eleven miles in fifty-eight minutes, over mountain roads in the country, eight horses to be driven, with sixteen people to carry, and the

When the other carriages had come up, and the whole party was registered, it presented some names well known to our country. It included General Grant and Mrs. Grant, Miss Nelly Grant, and Master Jesse R. Grant; the Governor of New Hampshire, his wife and two daughters. Also one of the senators from New Hampshire, a former Minister to Switzerland, a president of a railroad, and others.

But to all these, one of the heroes of the occasion was Ed Cox. After driving to the stables and caring for the horses, he came into the office of the hotel. In reply to a question as to how the horses were, he said they were ready to make the same trip over again if called upon. But he held up his little fingers, showing that they were so stiff he could not bend them; he said they would ache all night.

After supper and an impromptu reception in the parlor, the President came down into the hotel office, where he entertained a few of those who happened to be present with a description of his ride. He said he supposed he had had as many opportunities of seeing fine driving as men in general, but that the manner in which Mr. Cox handled his big team surpassed anything he had ever witnessed. Nothing could be more skilful than the driver's avoidance of most of the ruts and gullies along the route. The President said that at no time on the journey was he uneasy. He saw they were getting over the ground, but did not realize the rapid gait at which they were going. The great soldier further said that the last three miles were enough to test the wind and endurance of any ordinary team, but that these horses traveled better the farther they went.

Such was General Grant's opinion of his wonderful drive from Bethlehem to the Profile House, on that evening in August, nearly twenty-eight years ago. And among the traditions of the Profile House that the old stage-drivers still love to relate, and over which they linger with fond recollection, is Ed Cox's great achievement of driving eight horses eleven miles in fifty-eight minutes over the mountain roads, with sixteen persons in the Flume Chariot, and with General Grant beside him on the box.



"GENERAL GRANT WAS HOLDING HIS HAT ON WITH ONE HAND, THE OTHER GRASPING THE SEAT."

reader can easily see which is the greater performance. It is probable that Mr. Cox's achievement has never been excelled, when everything is considered.

General Grant, as he dismounted from his lofty perch, was a curious spectacle. Covered with dust from head to foot, he had the appearance of a man who had been rolled in the road. Hat, hair, and whiskers had suffered alike, and including his clothing he was all dust color.

A SHIFTING BOUNDARY.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ST. NICHOLAS class in Geography, stand up! Big class, is n't it? Here is a problem for you in State boundaries:

Bound the State of Iowa for me. All together now!

"Minnesota on the north; Mississippi River on the east; Missouri on the south; South Dakota and the Missouri River on the west."

Are you quite unanimous?

"Quite."

Then you are quite unanimously wrong. Does your teacher say you are right? Does your geography say you are right? ST. NICHOLAS's compliments then to both, and both are wrong. Why? Because part of the State of Iowa lies west of the Missouri River: so it is bounded on the west by South Dakota, the Missouri River, *and* Nebraska. Now don't look for a large portion of Iowa west of the Missouri—a whole county, or anything of that sort. If there were several hundred square miles of it over there, your teachers would know all about it. You would n't have the fun of correcting them; neither would ST. NICHOLAS be obliged to set the geographers right. Besides, have n't your teachers always warned you to be correct in small things? There is at least enough of Iowa over there to have caused a serious trouble between Iowa and Nebraska, which, after no end of bickering and years of angry litigation, had to be settled at last by the wise men of the East—that is, by the Supreme Court at Washington, which finally decided that Iowa's claim to several miles of territory on the Nebraska side of the Missouri was perfectly valid.

Of course you 've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri River—the "Big Muddy": how the sudden, treacherous mountain waters roll down in mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft

prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis; how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermines railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it: the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but lo! in the night that madcap river has entered his waving fields, and like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, sullen, yellow flood boils and eddies where his harvest smiled yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbor across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he does n't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and many a wearisome lawsuit has been begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim; but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they could n't keep track of such pranks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that word—should belong to the farmer who owned the river-bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you need n't ask the courts to give you another for it.

I suppose an injunction *might* be issued commanding the Missouri River to stop stealing farms in that way; but that would be like trying to mandamus a comet. Suppose the river

paid no attention to the injunction? How could it be punished if it did swallow a township? And you know judges are very touchy on a question of contempt. So the unhappy farmer—the farmless farmer, so to speak—subsided, and the courts thought they were through for good with the River Missouri.

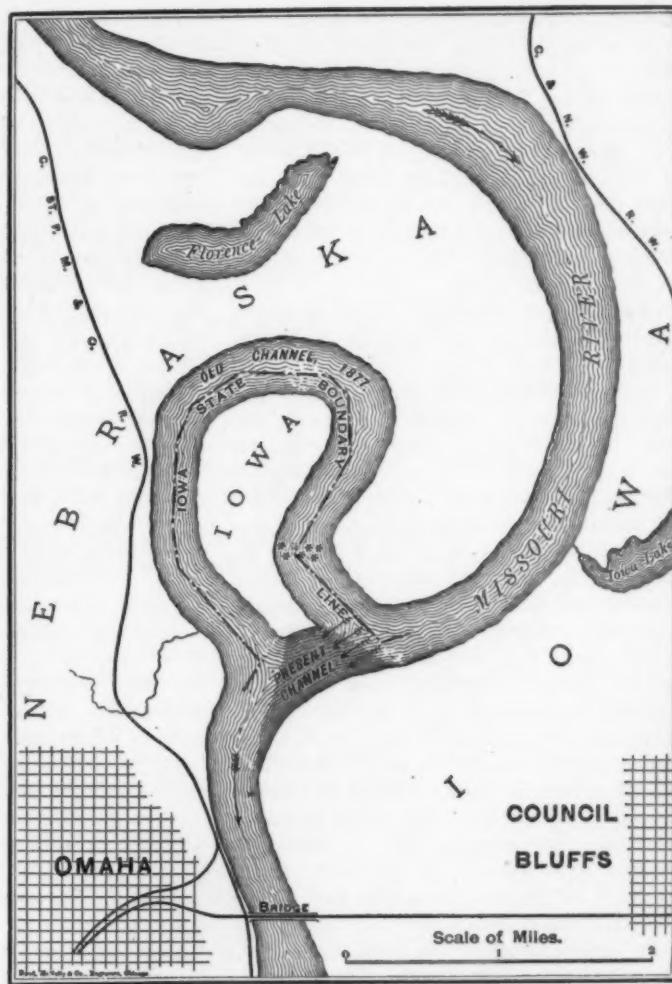
But they did n't begin to comprehend the disposition and the ability of that irresponsible stream to make trouble for the dwellers along its banks. Now, this is the way it tangled up a boundary line, set two friendly States at odds, and finally ran into the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, so to speak.

You must know that the real business of the Missouri is to carry the mountain waters east and south into the Gulf of Mexico. But in bounding from side to side of its valley through the tedious centuries, it has twisted and turned so many times that no doubt its head is confused. Carrying the quantity of mud it does, you would hardly expect it to be clear-headed. There is actually so much sand in the water that the fish all have sore eyes: some are totally blind—the saddest-looking creatures you ever caught.

A really fastidious trout or bass dropped into the Missouri would hang himself in despair—on a fish-hook.

Now the Missouri might be forgiven for

straying west once in a while; but what earthly excuse could it have for running right back north? Yet that is just what it used to do at a point just above Omaha. It almost "boxed the compass"—for it ran in nearly every direction. If you wish to see its course for yourself, look at this map of its bends at that place.



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE MISSOURI RIVER JUST ABOVE OMAHA.

Naturally, such an absurd caper was bound to cause comment—that was natural. Just across from Omaha a chain of great, beetling bluffs towers above the valley. Indians say

they stand there to keep the river from overflowing Iowa; and stern, silent, trusty sentinels they are. It was at their grassy feet that the big, painted warriors of the Omahas and the Kickapoos, the Sioux and the Pottawottomies, the Arapahoes and the Pawnees, used to gather in council many years ago. Well, those very bluffs—it was the red men who gave them the name Council Bluffs—fell to gossiping, one wild March night, with the East Wind about the way the River was carrying on. Very old people like to talk, and that East Wind is a great gossip anyway, especially in the spring. Of course, as soon as the East Wind knew of it, you might say everybody knew of it; and even the little brown owls in the Bad Lands smiled when they heard that the impetuous old Missouri had twisted itself into such a kink down at Omaha.

But how the river foamed! and oh, so mighty it is! How do you suppose it cut off that big bend?

Do you see on the map that row of little stars running across the river? Just above that point the river began throwing driftwood out on its margins and across the shallow sand-bars that shift uneasily over its bed. Little flakes of snow—frosty whispers of the north wind—froze like muddy nightcaps on the bars. Big cakes of ice swiftly plunging on the yellow current were lodged warily in that bend, just where they would lay hold of others whirling by.

All night, with tireless anger, that river worked, until at daylight, when the bluffs rubbed the snow out of their eyes, all they could see was a bristling field of ice, with only a strip of water like a black thread through the middle, where the current seethed and foamed in a fury. Even while they stared in amazement, the river, dragging down a tremendous ice-floe torn from some mountain stream, hurled it straight into the boiling gap. Just a minute it tossed and crashed there, then a million ragged sheets of ice piled on it like a shower of rocks and sank it. Into that snapping, grinding funnel the river poured anchorice, big and little, so fast that suddenly it choked, and presto! a vast ice-jam, glittering,

heaving, crashing, groaning, rose far above the banks, and for an instant stopped the mighty Missouri. Behind the stubborn barrier the river churned and swelled in a dreadful rage, until at last, rearing above its banks, it poured a flood of tiny rivulets like wriggling snakes over the valley. One of them, following the path shown by the group of four arrows on the map, found the river-bed again away down stream, and the great lake that had formed above the ice-jam, coursing after that little stream, cut, little by little, then tore, with awful wrenches, a new channel right through that neck of land; and there the river has flowed ever since, leaving an old river-bed several miles long and full of all sorts of crabs and turtles—just fancy!—to be sold for the taxes.

But imagine how that night's work tangled up the Iowa-Nebraska boundary line! There was a big piece of Iowa torn right off—all that tract within the great bend. Lying close to Omaha, it was very valuable. It is nearly all dry land now and covered with a network of railroad tracks. Being on the Nebraska side after that night, Nebraska claimed it; but Iowa insisted it still belonged to her, and went right on taxing the property just as before. The people who lived on the disputed strip never could tell in which State they lived. It was absurd. One day they were asked to vote for somebody in Iowa, and the next for somebody in Nebraska. Of course there came a clash of authority before long, and into court went the two States, dragging the river after them, so to speak. Nebraska's lawyers reminded the court of all it had said about accretion; but Iowa's lawyers—just see now what it is to be clever—said the court would please distinguish between *accretion* and *avulsion*. Look up the difference between these two words in "The Century Dictionary"—right away; for Iowa retained the title to that land by precisely that difference.

That is how Iowa happens to reach across the Missouri River at that point, and at no other.

Now, ST. NICHOLAS class in Geography, bound the State of Iowa!

The Toys talk of the World.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

SHOULD like," said the vase from the china-store,

"To have seen the world a little more.

"When they carried me here I was wrapped up tight,

But they say it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes," said a little plaster bird,

"That is exactly what *I* have heard;

"There are thousands of trees, and oh, what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight."

The fat top rolled on his other side:

"It is not in the least like that," he cried.

"Except myself and the kite and ball,

None of you know of the world at all.

"There are houses, and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said;

"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,
And often it stops with a bump at last."

The wooden donkey nodded his head:

"I had heard the world was like that," he said.

The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,
But they did not speak; it was not worth while.





By OLIVER HERFORD.

A DARK old Raven lived in a tree,
With a little Tree-frog for company,



In the midst of a forest so thick with trees
Only thin people could walk with ease.

Yet though the forest was dank and dark
The little Tree-frog was gay as a lark;

He piped and trilled the livelong day,
While the Raven was just the other way:

He grumbled and croaked from morn till
night,
And nothing in all the world was right.

The moon was too pale, or the sun too
bright;
The sky was too blue, or the snow too
white;

The thrushes too gay, or the owls too glum;
And the squirrels—well, they were too
squirrelsome.

And as for the trees, *why* did they grow
In a wood, of all places?—he'd like to know.





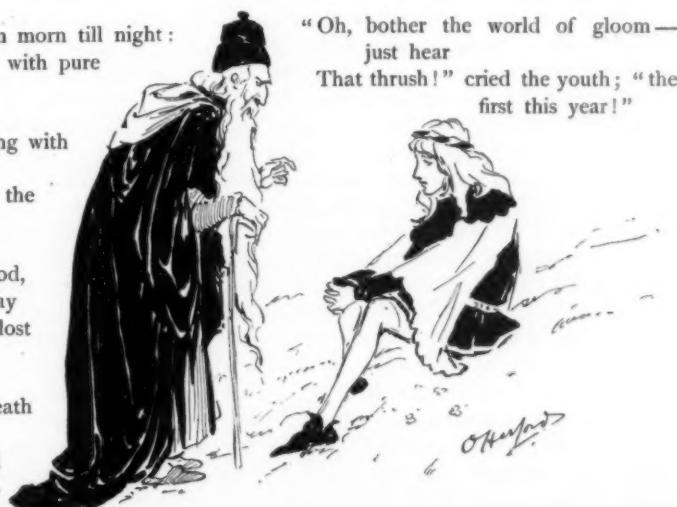
A wood is so dark and unhealthy, too,
For trees; and besides, they obstruct the
view.

And so it went on from morn till night:
The Tree-frog piping with pure
delight,

And the Raven croaking with
all his might
That nothing in all the
world was right.

Well, in this same wood,
it chanced one day
The enchanter Merlin lost
his way;

And stopping to rest 'neath
the very tree
Where the Raven and
Tree-frog were tak-
ing their tea,



He divined of a sudden, by magic lore,
A thing I forgot to mention before:

That the forest and all that therein did
dwell
Owed their present shape to an ancient spell.

Now a spell, though a tiresome job to make,
Is the easiest thing in the world to break,

When you once know how to perform the
trick,
As Merlin did.

Waving his magic stick,
He cried, "Let this forest and everything
in it
Take its former shape!"

When lo! in a minute,

In place of the Raven, a stern old sage
All robed in black and all bent with age;

And where the little Tree-frog had been
Sat a goodly youth all dressed in green;

And around about was a flowery lawn
Where the forest had been.

Said the sage, with a yawn:

"I must have been dozing — well, to resume—
As I was saying, this world of gloom —"

"Oh, bother the world of gloom—
just hear
That thrush!" cried the youth; "the
first this year!"

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE BEAR DISGRACED HIMSELF.

At last the long winter came to an end. By the middle of March the warm sun and soft south winds begin to thaw the February snows. On such a day, when the afternoon sun beat with unusual warmth on the northern face of the mountain, the three soldiers stood together in front of the house, noting everywhere the joyful signs of the approach of spring. The snow, where it lay thickest in the hollows of the plateau, was soft and porous and grimy with dirt. There were bare spaces here and there on the ground, and where a stick or a stone showed through the thin crust the snow had retired around it as if it gave out a heat of its own. The melting icicles pendent from the eaves glittered in the sun and dripped into the channels alongside the walls.

They had a great longing to see the grass and the leaves again and welcome the early birds of spring. As they looked about on these hopeful signs in the midst of the great stillness to which they had become used, a sudden deafening crash rang in their startled ears. The sound was like the explosion of a mine or the dull roar of a siege-mortar at a little distance away. It came from the Cove to the north, and the first crash was followed by lesser reports, and each sound was echoed back from the mountains beyond.

The first thought of the three soldiers was of the opening of a battle. Their first fear was that a great mass of earth and rock had fallen from the edge of the plateau to the base of the mountain. They made their way cautiously in the direction of the sound, almost distrustful of the ground under their feet. The gnarled chestnuts on the edge of the cliff were as firmly

rooted as ever. When they had advanced to where Philip's sharp eyes caught the first view of the postmaster's cabin through the twisted tree-trunks, he remembered the words of Andy, the guide, on the night when they had waited for the moon to go down. He quickly caught the arms of his companions.

"It's the avalanche," he said: "the icicles and the ice falling into the Cove from the face of the great boulder."

They could see tiny figures standing about the cabin, and they shrank back lest they, too, might be seen by the people, who were evidently gazing with all their eyes at the top of the mountain.

Just then there was another deafening crash, and at intervals all day long they heard the falling of the ice.

"They are the opening guns of spring," said Lieutenant Coleman; and now that they knew what the sound was, they listened eagerly for each report.

Late on that very afternoon, as they sat together outside the house, they saw "Tumbler," the bear, shambling down the hillside in front of the house, and they had no doubt he had been awakened from his winter's nap by the roar of the avalanche. He was thin of flesh and ragged of fur, and so weak on his clumsy legs that he sat down at short intervals to rest. He made his way first to the branch, where he refreshed himself with a drink, and then came on with renewed vigor toward the house. He was such a very disreputable-looking bear, and had been gone so long, and must be so dangerously hungry, that the men stood up doubtfully at his approach until they saw a weak movement of his stumpy tail and the mild look in his brown eyes as he seated himself on the chips and lolled out his red tongue.

Philip brought him a handful of roast potato-toes, which he devoured with a relish, and

then stood up so handsomely to ask for more that they rolled him raw ones until his hunger was satisfied, after which he waddled through the open door, and lay down for another nap in his old place by the fire, just as if he had gone out but yesterday, which was probably just what he thought he had done.

By this time the last page of the station journal had been used, and Lieutenant Coleman had added to it the five fly-leaves of the precious Blue Book, which he had cut out neatly with his knife. Paper was so scarce at last that on this March 16, which was the day the bear woke up, the circumstance of the avalanche alone was recorded, and that was entered after the date in the most wonderfully small and cramped letters you can imagine. Now, Philip was of the opinion that the return of the bear was of quite as much importance as the falling of the ice. It happened that he had in his breast-pocket a letter which had been written to him by his uncle. It was post-marked, "Piqua, Ohio," and addressed, "Philip Welton, Co. C, 2d Ohio Infy., Camp near Resaca, Ga." Philip had been looking over Coleman's shoulder as he made the cramped entry in the diary.

"Now look here," said he, taking up the quill as it was laid down. "If you don't choose to make a record of the bear, I will." So taking from his pocket the letter, he wrote across the top of the envelope :

WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN, March 16, 1865.

"Tumbler," the bear, woke up to-day.

Signed, PHILIP WELTON,
GEORGE BROMLEY,
FREDERICK HENRY COLEMAN.

"Well," said Coleman, "what are you going to do with that? Drop it over into the Cove?"

"Not a bit of it," said Philip. "I am just going to keep the record out of respect to the bear"; and with that, as it happened, he put the envelope back in one pocket and the letter in another. But a few weeks later, when the snow had quite gone and the buds were beginning to swell on the trees, Philip was chopping on the hill where the boulder side of the mountain joined the cliff above the spring; and as he grew warm with his work he cast off his cavalry

jacket, and it happened in some way that the envelope on which he had written fell out into the grass. Philip did not notice this loss at the time, and it was a week before he missed the envelope. He kept his loss to himself at first; but as he became alarmed lest it should blow over into the Cove and disclose their hiding-place, he confessed to Lieutenant Coleman what had happened.

The three soldiers searched everywhere for this dangerous paper, except in the snug place under the tuft of grass where it lay. It was suspected that Philip was repenting of the agreement he had made to remain on the mountain, and both Coleman and Bromley lectured him roundly for his carelessness. While Philip was still chafing under the suspicions of his comrades, all the more that he was conscious of his perfect loyalty to the old flag and to the compact they had made together for its sake, the bear was growing stronger every day and more mischievous. Although he had the whole plateau to roam over, nothing seemed to please Tumbler so much as to nose about and dig into the grave of the Old Man of the Mountain. He was such a wicked bear that the more they kicked and cuffed him away, the more stubbornly he came back to his unholy work; and then it appeared that the light soil of the mound had been taken possession of by a colony of ants. It was a temptation such as no hungry bear could resist, and the sacrilege was so offensive to the three soldiers that they resolved to remove the last remnant of the ant-hill and fill it in with clay in which no insect could live. It was after supper when they came to this resolution, and they fell to work at once with the wooden spade and a piece of tent-cloth, in which Philip carried the dirt a stone's-throw away and piled it into a new mound. The bear seemed to think this was all for his benefit, and while the work went merrily on he rooted into the new heap and wagged his stumpy tail with every evidence of gratitude and satisfaction.

It was a sufficiently disagreeable task for Coleman and Bromley, whose legs and bodies were bitten by the ants until they danced with pain. At the same time the little pests went up Philip's sleeves and came out on his neck.

Bad as the business was, they set their teeth and kept at work, determined to finish it now they had begun. Of course the colony was mostly near the surface of the ground; but when they had gone down three feet into the sandy soil there were still ants burrowing about.

Now, Bromley was a man of great resolution and perseverance, and although it was growing dark he had no thought of stopping work; so he called for a pine torch, which Coleman held on the bank above. When the earth gave way, the oak slab with the peculiar inscription, "One who wishes to be forgotten," was tenderly removed and leaned against the hut to be reverently reset the next day. Annoying as the ants were, the soldiers continued their work with that feeling of awe which always attends the disturbing of a grave; and as they dug they spoke with charity and tenderness of the Old Man of the Mountain. It made them think of the time when they themselves would be laid to rest in the same soil; and if they breathed any inward prayer, it was that their remains might sleep undisturbed. Although they were young, and death seemed a long way off, the thought came to them of the last survivor, and how lonely he would be, and how when he should die there would be no one left to bury his poor body in the ground.

"Whatever happens," said Philip, "I don't want to be the last."

The pine torch flared and smoked in the cool night wind, and lighted the solemn faces of the three soldiers as well as the hole in the earth, where Bromley still stood to his middle. There was yet a little loose earth to be thrown out before they left the work for the night, and Philip had brought some sticks of wood to lay over the grave lest in the morning the bear should begin to dig where they had left off. He had, in fact, come up and seated himself in the circle of light, and was looking on with great interest at their proceedings.

"I declare," said Bromley just then, straightening himself, "I have gone too far already. My spade struck on the coffin — that is, I think it did. Perhaps I had better see what condition it is in. What do you think, Fred?"

"No," said Philip; "cover it up."

"It will be as well," said Lieutenant Cole-

man, "now that we have the opportunity, to see that everything is all right. I can't help feeling that the old man's remains are in our care."

"Hold the light nearer, then," said Bromley, as he got down on his knees and commenced to paw away the loose earth with his hands.

Philip was silent, and, soldier though he was, his face blanched in the neighborhood of one poor coffin.

Both the men outside were staring intently into the open grave. The torch-light fell broadly on Bromley's back, and cast a black shadow from his bent body into the space below, where his hands were at work.

"Well, this is queer!" said he, straightening his back and showing a surprised face to the light. "I've struck the chime of a cask."

"No!" cried Coleman and Philip together.

"Yes, I have," said Bromley. "Hand me the spade."

Now the work of digging was begun in good earnest, and I am afraid with less awe than before of what lay below. Light as the soil was, the opening had to be enlarged, and it was hard upon midnight when the small beer-keg was free enough to be moved from its resting-place. With the first joggle Bromley gave it, there was a sound of chinking like coin.

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed Bromley.

"That's not the sound of bones."

"It's money!" cried Philip.

Lieutenant Coleman said nothing, but jumping down to the aid of Bromley, they lifted it out on the grass, where it rolled gently down a little slope, chink-a-ty-chink, chink-a-ty-chink.

"Bring the ax!"

"No; let's roll it into the house!"

"It's money!"

"It's nails!"

"Bring it in to the fire," said Lieutenant Coleman, going ahead with the torch. So they rolled the tough old cask, chink-a-ty-chink, around the cabin and up to the house, into the open door and across the earthen floor, and set it on end on the stone hearth. They were reeking with perspiration. Coleman threw the torch upon the smoldering logs, and by the time Bromley had the ax there was a ruddy light through the room.

"Stand back," he cried, as he swung the ax aloft.

Three times the ax rang on the head of the cask, the firelight glittering in the eyes of the soldiers, before the strong head gave way on one side, and three golden guineas bounced out on to the hearth.

Bromley dropped the ax, and then all three, without deigning to notice the gold pieces upon the floor, thrust their hands deep down into the shining mass of gold coin.

All hustled and pushed one another at the opening. Philip was on the point of striking out right and left in sheer excitement; and in their scramble the cask was overturned so that the yellow pieces poured out upon the pine floor and the hearth, and some flopped into the fire, while others rolled here and there into the dark corners of the room. The golden guineas which first appeared were now covered with gold double-eagles, and it was discovered, when the top ones were removed, that there were silver coins of much variety beneath them.



"THE CASK WAS OVERTURNED SO THAT THE YELLOW PIECES POURED OUT UPON THE PINE FLOOR."

The three soldiers hugged one another with delight.

"We are rich!" cried Philip.

"Let's count our treasure," said Coleman. "The double-eagles first—fifty to a thousand."

Forgotten was the Old Man of the Mountain; forgotten were their weariness and the lateness of the hour, as they eagerly fell a-counting.

They piled the shining yellow columns on the mantelpiece; and when that was full, without stopping to count the thousands, they began bunches of piles on the hard floor.

They could hardly believe that such a treasure had fallen to their possession.

In their greedy delight they utterly forgot the old flag of the thirty-five stars and the total defeat of the Union armies, as they toiled and counted.

Philip was the first to yield to the mandate of tired nature. With his hands full of gold, he sank down on his bunk and fell asleep. Lieutenant Coleman was the next; and as the cock began to crow at earliest dawn, Bromley bolted the door for the first time since the

house had been built, and crept exhausted into his blankets.

The treasure was found, as shown by the diary, on Friday, April 14, in the year 1865, on the very night of the murder of the good President whom the three soldiers believed to be living somewhere, a monument of failure and incapacity.

The entry was in a few brief words, and by the Sunday which followed, Lieutenant Coleman would not have exchanged the four blank leaves of the diary for the whole treasure they had dug up. After the first excitement of their discovery they began to realize that the yellow stamped pieces were of no value except as a medium of exchange, and that as there was nothing on the mountain for which to exchange them, they were of no value at all. If they had found a saucepan or a sack of coffee in the cask, they would have had some reason to rejoice.

So it fell out that within a week's time the gold was looked upon as so much lumber, and the cask which held it was kicked into a dark corner, neglected and despised. Some of the coins were even trodden under foot, and others lay among the chips at the door.

On the evening of the second Sunday after the discovery of the gold, they sat together outside the door of the house, and tried to think of some likely thing the cask might have held more useless than the guineas and double-eagles; and, hard as they tried, they could name nothing more worthless. The result was that they turned away to their beds, feeling poor and dissatisfied, and down on their luck.

Now it happened as the three soldiers lay asleep in their bunks that night, and while Tumbler slept too, with his nose and his hairy paws in the light, cool ashes of the fireplace (for the nights were warm now), there came up a brisk wind which blew across the mountain from the northwest. This rising wind went whistling on its way, tossing the tree-tops, up on the hill above the birches, whirling the dry leaves across the plateau, scattering them on the field below the ledge, and even dropping some stragglers away down into the Cove far below.

At first this wind only shook the tuft of grass

that overhung the lost envelope, and then, as it grew stronger, whirled it from its snug hiding-place, and tumbled it over and over among the dry chestnut-burs and the old, gray, dead limbs.

If the envelope came to a rest, this wind was never content to leave its plaything alone for long. When it landed the little paper against a stump and held it fluttering there until that particular gust was out of breath, the envelope fell to the ground of its own weight, only to be picked up again and tossed on, little by little, always in the same direction, until at last it lay exposed on the brow of the hill to a braver and stronger blast, which lifted it high into the air and sent it sailing over the roof of the house.

This envelope, with the names of the three soldiers and their hiding-place written out in a fair, round hand, might have sailed along on the northwest wind until it fell at the door of the post-office in the Cove but for the queer way it had of navigating the air. It would turn over and over on its way, or shoot up or dart to one side, or take some unexpected course; and so just as it was sailing smoothly above the house, its sharp edge turned in the wind, and with a backward dive it struck hard on the rock below Philip's leach. Just a breath of wind turned it over and over on the stone, until it fell noiselessly into the pool of lye.

Now, Lieutenant Coleman chanced to come out first in the morning; and when he saw the lost envelope floating on the dark-brown pool alongside a hen's egg, which had been placed there to test the strength of the liquid, he was glad it had blown no further. The paper had turned very yellow in the strong potash, and so he fished it out with a twig, and carried it across to the branch by the Slow-John, and dipped it into the water. When he picked it out it was still slimy to the touch, and the letters had faded a little. He brushed a word with his finger, and the letters dissolved under his eyes.

He gave a great cry of joy; for in that instant he saw the possibility of converting into blank paper, for keeping their records, the 594 pages of the Revised Army Regulations of 1863.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE BEAR DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.

If the Old Man of the Mountain was not in his grave, where was he? He had certainly not gone back to the world and left the buried treasure behind him. If the grave had been empty, the soldiers might have suspected foul play. Josiah Woodring, who had been his agent and provider, had already been five years in his own grave at the time they had arrived on the mountain. As long as they believed that the bones of the old man were quietly at rest under the oak slab in the garden spot, the condition of the hut, neglected and going to decay, was sufficient evidence that he had died there, and that no one had occupied it for more than five years before. With almost his last breath Josiah had announced his death to the doctor from the settlement; and under such solemn circumstances it was impossible to believe that he had stated anything but the truth. He had not mentioned, it is true, the precise time when the old man died.

After the night when the treasure was found, the three soldiers, to thoroughly satisfy themselves, had cleared away the earth down to the bedrock. Indeed, the cask itself was evidence enough that the bones of the old man were not below it, for he himself must have buried that. If Josiah had known of its existence, it would certainly have traveled down through the settlement in his two-steer cart, like any other honest cask, and neither cattle nor driver would have ever come back. After taking such a load to market, Josiah would have established himself in luxury in his ignorant way, and probably cut a great splurge in the country roundabout, with no end of pomp and vulgarity.

The three soldiers studied this problem with much care, weighing all the evidence for and against. They even hit upon a plan of determining when the old man came limping through the settlement of Cashiers behind Josiah's cart, covered with dust, and staggering under the weight of his leathern knapsack. They emptied out the little keg of gold on the earthen floor a second time, and began a search for the latest date on the coins. Some were remarkably old and badly worn. A few of the guinea pieces

bore the heads of the old Georges and "Dei gratia Rex," and 17—this and 17—that, and some of the figures were as smooth as the pate, and as blind as the eyes, of the king on the coin. The newest double-eagles—and there were quite a number of them—bore the date 1833, so it must have been in that year or the year following that the old man without a name had given up the world, and become a hermit on the mountain.

They decided that he must have had his own ideas about the vanity of riches, and that after doling out his gold, or, more likely, his small silver pieces, with exceeding stinginess to Josiah for the small services rendered him, when he saw his end approaching, he had buried the cask of treasure, and set up the slab above it, trusting to the superstition with which the mountain people regarded the desecration of a grave to protect the gold for all time. It would certainly have protected it from any examination by the soldiers but for the strange behavior of the bear, who had no delicate scruples. The old man had probably told Josiah, with a cunning leer in his eyes, that the empty grave was a blind to deceive any one who might climb to the top of the mountain, as the hunters had done long before, and very likely he had given him a great big silver half-dollar to wink at this little plan. When death did really come at last to claim its own, it was evident that Josiah, faithful to the old man's request, had either taken his remains down the mountain or buried them somewhere on the plateau without mound or slab to reveal the place, and, as likely as not, he had found enough small change in the old man's pockets to pay him for his trouble.

Thus the mystery of the Old Man of the Mountain was settled by the three soldiers, after much discussion, and the cask of gold was trundled back into the dark corner of the house, where they threw their waste, and such guineas and double-eagles as had joggled out upon the floor were kicked after it.

Directly after the lost envelope had turned up in the pool of lye, Lieutenant Coleman had made his arrangements for the manufacture of blank paper for the diary. The Blue Book was his personal property; but before commencing

its destruction he counseled with Bromley, who, as a man of letters, he felt under the circumstances, had an equal interest with himself in the fate of one half of their common library. Bromley, seated on the bank alongside the leach, was engaged at the time in making a birch broom, and as he threw down the bunch of twigs a shade of disappointment overspread his handsome face. He said that he had never thoroughly appreciated the work of the learned board of compilers until his present exile, and that it contained flights of eloquence and scraps of poetry — if you read between the lines.

"But, putting all joking aside," said Bromley, "begin with a single leaf by way of experiment, and let us see first what will be the effect on the fiber of the paper; and then, if everything works well, we will first sacrifice the index and the extracts from the Acts of that renegade Congress whose imbecility has blotted a great nation from the map of the world."

Lieutenant Coleman had more confidence in the result of the experiment they were about to make than had Bromley, for the increased length of his entry in the diary shows that he was no longer economizing paper:

April 26, 1865. Wednesday. We have cut out ten leaves of the index of the Blue Book, which we scattered loosely on the surface of the lye in the cavity of the rock. After twenty minutes I removed a leaf which had undergone no perceptible change in appearance, and washed it thoroughly in running water. While so doing I was pleased to find that with the lightest touch of my fingers the ink dissolved, leaving underneath only a faint trace of the letters, which would in no way interfere with my writing. It required much patience to cleanse the paper of the slimy deposit of potash.

Thursday, April 27, 1865. Of the leaves prepared yesterday, two, which were less carefully washed than the others, are somewhat yellowed by the potash and show signs of brittleness.

April 30. We have continued our paper-making experiments, and find that a longer bath in a weaker solution of lye has the same effect on the ink, and is less injurious to the fiber of the paper. Philip has burnt a lot of holes in one of the cracker-boxes, in which we place the leaves, leaving them to soak in the running water.

Thus it turned out that the dangerous envelope by a freak of the sportive wind was made to play an important part in the economy of the exiles, while the cask of gold stood neg-

lected in the corner, and the summer of 1865 began with no lack of paper on which to record its events. Both Philip and the bear had been in temporary disgrace, the one for losing the tell-tale envelope, and the other for disturbing the sacred quiet of a grave. Both cases of misbehavior had resulted in important discoveries, but the mishap of Philip had produced such superior benefits that the bear was fairly distanced in the race. This may have been the reason that prompted Tumbler to try his hand, or rather his paw, again, for he was a much cleverer bear than you would think to look at his small eyes and flat skull. At any rate, one hot morning in July, he put his foot in it once more and very handsomely, too, for the benefit of his masters.

It was Philip who caught the first view of him well up on the trunk of the tallest chestnut on the plateau, which, growing in a sheltered place under the northwest hill, had not been dwarfed and twisted by the winds like its fellows higher up. At the moment he was discovered, he was licking his paw in the most peaceful and contented way, while the air about his head was thick with a small cloud of angry bees, darting furiously among the limbs and thrusting their hot stings into his shaggy coat, seeming to disturb him no more than one small gnat can disturb an ox. The soldiers had been deprived of sweets since the last of the sugar had been used, in the early winter, and a supply of honey would just fit the cravings of their educated taste. Share and share alike, bear and man, was the unwritten law of Sherman Territory, and so while Philip shouted for the ax, he began to throw clubs at Tumbler, which were so much larger and more persuasive than the stings of the bees that the bear began promptly to back his way down the trunk of the tree.

Coleman and Bromley appeared in a jiffy, casting off their jackets and rolling up their sleeves as they came. When the chips began to fly, Tumbler sat down to watch, evidently feeling that some superior intelligence was at work for his benefit, while the stupid bees kept swarming about the hole above, except a few stray ones who had not yet got tired of burrowing into the shaggy coat of the bear, and these

now turned their attention to the men and were promptly knocked down by wisps of grass in the hands of Coleman and Philip, while Bromley plied the ax. If only they had had a supply of sulphur, by waiting until the bees were

tree. Then, too, if they had been in less of a hurry they might have waited until a frosty morning in November had benumbed the bees, but in that case Tumbler would have eaten all the honey he could reach with his paws.

As it was, the swarm extended so low that as soon as the ax opened the first view into the hollow trunk, the bees began to appear, and the opening had to be stuffed with grass, and a bucket of water which Philip brought did not come amiss before the chopping was done. All this time Tumbler licked his jaws, and kept his beady eyes fixed on the top of the tree, like a good coon dog, and never stirred his stumps until, with the last blow of the ax, the old tree creaked, and swayed at the top, and fell with a great crash down the hill.

The three soldiers ran off to a safe distance as soon as the tree began to fall, while Tumbler, after regarding their flight

with a look of disgust, walked deliberately into the thick of the battle, and began to crunch the dripping comb as coolly as a pig eats corn. The brittle trunk of the old tree had split open as it fell, and for twenty feet of its length the mass of yellow honey lay exposed to the gaze of the men, while the infuriated bees darkened the air above it, and made a misty halo about the head of the happy bear.

So busy was he with the luscious honeycombs that one might have supposed he did not feel the sharp stings of the angry little bees, except that now and then he would roll about and claw vigorously at the sides of his head.

The happiness of Tumbler was not alto-



"NOW AND THEN TUMBLER WOULD ROLL ABOUT AND CLAW VIGOROUSLY AT THE SIDES OF HIS HEAD."

settled at night, they could have burned some in the opening made by the ax, and with the noxious fumes destroyed the last bee in the

tree. Then, too, if they had been in less of a hurry they might have waited until a frosty morning in November had benumbed the bees, but in that case Tumbler would have eaten all the honey he could reach with his paws.

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gether uninterrupted, for the soldiers drove him off now and again with sticks and stones; but however far he retired from the tree, he was surrounded and defended by such an army of bees that it was quite out of the question to capture him. There was no end of the honey; but the worst of it was, the bear was eating the whitest and newest of the combs, and when at last his greedy appetite was satisfied, and he came of his own accord to the house, he brought such disagreeable company with him that the soldiers got out through the door and windows as best they could, leaving him in undisputed possession — very much as his lamented mother had held the fort on that night when her little cub, Tumbler, had slept in the ashes the year before.

There was nothing else to be done but to walk about for the rest of the day; for until nightfall there was a line of bees from the house to the tree. The soldiers secured the bear by closing the door and windows; but it was not yet clear how they could obtain the honey. Coleman and Bromley were city-bred, but Philip had been brought up in the country, and he had received some other things from his uncle besides kicks and cuffs and a knowledge of how to run a mill. He remembered the row of hives under the cherry-trees beyond the race, and how the new swarms had come out, and been sawed off with the limbs in great bunches, or called out of the air by drumming on tin pans, and how at last they had been enticed into a hive sprinkled inside with sweetened water.

So, under Philip's directions, a section of a hollow log was prepared, covered at the top and notched at the bottom, and pierced with cross sticks to support the comb. As a temporary bench for it to rest upon, they blocked up against the back wall of the house the oak slab, which they no longer respected as a gravestone.

After it became quite dark, the bees had so far settled that a few broken pieces of honey-comb, which had been tossed off into the grass from the falling tree were secured to sweeten the new hive, and it was finally propped up on the rubber poncho in front of the thickest bunch of bees. Tumbler was kept a close pris-

oner in the house, and early the next morning the bees began crowding after their queen into their new house, and by the afternoon they were carrying in the honey and wax on their legs. So it was the second night after cutting the bee-tree before the soldiers removed the hive, wrapped about with a blanket, to the bench behind the house, and got access to the honey in the broken log. There was so much of it that after filling every dish they could spare, they were forced to empty the gold on to the earthen floor, and fill the cask with some of the finest of the combs.

What remained was given up to the bear and the bees, who got on more pleasantly together than you can think; and in time these lovers of sweets cleaned out the old log and left it as clean as if it had been sandpapered.

During the remainder of the summer, the gold lay neglected in the corner together with certain wilted potatoes and fat pine-knots and the sweepings of the floor. If a shining coin turned up now and then in some unexpected place, it doubtless served to remind Coleman how handy these small tokens of exchange might be if there were any other person in all their world of whom they could buy an iron pot or an onion; or it may have suggested to the clever brain of Bromley some scheme of utilizing the pile as raw material. Worthless as the gold was in its present form, in the hands of the soldiers so fertile of resource and so clever in devices to accomplish their ends, it was not possible for so much good metal to remain altogether useless. They soon saw that if they had the appliances of a forge, they could tip their wooden spades with the silver or the gold, and make many dishes and household goods. So after the harvest they set to work in good earnest to build a smithy, and equip it in all respects as well as their ingenuity and limited resources would permit.

The first thing they did was to dig a charcoal pit, into which they piled several cords of dry chestnut wood, setting the sticks on end in a conical heap. Over this they placed a layer of turf and a thick outer covering of earth, leaving an opening at the top. Several holes for air were pierced about the base of the heap, and then some fat pine-knots which had been laid



MAKING A HUNDRED-DOLLAR CASTER.

in about the upper opening, or chimney, were set on fire. These burned briskly at first, and then died down to a wreath of smoke, which was left to sweat the wood for three days, after which the holes at the base were stopped and others made half-way up the pile. Late in November the dry warm earth about the charcoal pit was a favorite resort of Tumbler,

and he tried several times to dig into the smouldering mass, with results more amusing to the soldiers and less satisfactory to himself than those of any digging he had ever tried before.

When the smoke ceased to come out of these holes at the sides, they were closed up and others pierced lower down, and so on until the process was complete.

While this slow combustion was going on, a pen was built about the fireplace of the old hut and filled in with earth to a convenient height for the forge. The flue was narrowed down to a small opening for the proper draft, and a practical pumping-bellows, made of two pointed slabs of wood and the last rubber blanket, was hung in place. Besides nailing, the edges were made air-tight with a mixture of pitch and tarry sediment from the bottom of the charcoal pit, and the first nozzle of the bellows was a stick of elder, which was very soon replaced by a neat casting of gold.

Bromley was the smith, and his first pincers were rather weak contrivances of platted wire, but after half the barrel of one of the carbines had with the head of the hatchet been hammered out on a smooth stone into a steel plate to cover their small anvil block, it was possible to make of the iron that remained a few serviceable tools.

While they still had good reason to be sorry that the mass of gold was not iron, they were still thankful for their providential supply of the softer metal, and Bromley toiled and smelted and hammered and welded and riveted, in the smoke of the forge and the steam of the water vat, and turned out little golden appliances that would have made a barbaric king or a modern goldsmith green with envy. So it came about that, poor as they were, the three exiled soldiers, without friends or country they could call their own, sat on three-legged stools shod with hundred-dollar casters and drank spring water from massy golden cups fit for the dainty lips of a princess.

(To be continued.)



A MAY MORNING.

THE MEADOW-RUE AND THE BOBOLINKS.

THE COOKY-NUT TREES.

(*A Tale of the Pilliwinks.*)

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

OH, the Pilliwinks lived by the portals of Loo,
In the land of the Pullicum-wees,
Where gingerbread soldiers and elephants grew
On the top of the cooky-nut trees.
And the Pilliwinks gazed at them, wondering how
They could get at those goodies so brown;
But the ginger-men danced on the cooky-nut bough,
And the elephants would n't come down.

But along came a witch of the Pullicum-wees—
To the 'winks she was friendly, I guess—
For they said: "At the top of those cooky-nut trees
Are some treasures we'd like to possess."
And she quickly replied, "I can show you the way
To obtain all the gingerbread men,
And the elephants, too; and this verse you may say,
And repeat it again and again.

"Pillicum, willicum, pullicum-wee,
Winkety, wankety, up in a tree;
Wankety, winkety, tippytop—
Down come the cooky-nuts, hippety hop!"

Then all of the Pilliwinks stood in a row,
And repeated this beautiful song,
Till the elephants eagerly hastened below,
And the soldiers marched down in a throng.
And for many long years by the portals of Loo
The Pilliwink people you'd see
Enticing the gingerbread goodies that grew
At the top of the cooky-nut tree.

FROM THE MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. C. McCLELLAND.

THE ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly; That the goat has horns which he cannot
The horse has only one toe; blow
Have you noticed the size of the elephant's And a beard that he cannot stroke.
eyes?
Or the pitch of the rooster's crow?
The fox has a brush, but he does not paint.
And I think it a capital joke

I think this is quite the funniest world
That ever a wight could see,
But the most ridiculous things of all
Are the people who laugh at me!



BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

VI. CASAN.

CASAN was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century.

He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior, and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror.

The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall; but he was active and muscular, and, like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue, and cold.

The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill, and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating.

Like many of those small in stature, he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young

Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and energy, and they obeyed his orders with zeal and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on. During one of these excursions they came to a wide river, and Casan ordered his troop to halt and build a wherry. They immediately set out in search of materials, and after a time succeeded in constructing a sort of raft made after the fashion of their ancestors the ancient Scythians.

They collected a number of the skins of wild animals, fastened these firmly together, and stretched them over a wooden framework. Upon this leather boat they placed their saddles and weapons, and after driving their horses into the stream, the young warriors sprang upon the oddly contrived float, seized the steeds by their tails, and were soon drawn by the swimming horses to the opposite bank. This feat was accomplished amid the noisiest shouts of the exulting boys.

Only Casan remained unmoved, simply remarking: "Very well done. I am quite satisfied with you, and to-morrow I shall think of something else to teach you."

He lay awake half the night devising plans and projects for the next day, and at early

dawn he assembled his followers and commanded them to be at a certain place at a certain hour. Like the noble Six Hundred, they seem not to have reasoned why, but to have done as they were bidden, and they met at the appointed time.

When they came together they found themselves on a greensward where a drove of magnificent horses, owned by one Tin Kin, was quietly pasturing. Casan curtly ordered each to mount a courser as quickly as possible, and to gain a neighboring plain at all speed.

The tiny dwarf set the example. Springing from the ground with great agility, he grasped a startled steed by its mane, and by a skilful manœuvre was on its back in an instant. His comrades followed suit; the fleet-footed animals charged ahead, and soon all the Tartar boys were drawn up before their small leader. Here Casan, without saddle or bridle, put them through all the military exercises he could think of. "If we should ever be called upon to go to war," he remarked, "we should be found soldiers already trained for battle. A true warrior should manage his courser by word or touch, or even a glance."

Now, according to the Tartar code, the theft of a horse was punishable by death. Tin Kin, the owner of the herd, soon discovered that some of his choicest animals were missing, and off he started in hot pursuit, vowing vengeance on the miscreants. He soon came in sight of the evil-doers, but his rage gave place to astonishment when he found his superb steeds mounted by half-grown children who were going through various exercises, under the command of a dwarf. Before he had time to speak, Casan came charging to him, saying:

"We have not stolen your horses, as you may think. These are my soldiers. I wished to teach them to ride well, and in order to do so, I borrowed some of your coursers. You, who know their value best, can surely find nothing wrong in our actions; on the contrary, you should be pleased to have your animals appreciated, and I can assure you we have found them worthy the highest praise."

The owner was so taken aback at the dwarf's harangue that for a moment he stood speechless. He soon, however, regained possession

of his wits, and exclaimed: "You appear to be a queer character. Come to me with your comrades, and we will talk the matter over together."

The little cavaliers with one accord accepted the invitation, rode back to the tent of Tin Kin, breakfasted with him, and the result of it all was that a firm friendship was established between the Tartar horse-merchant and the reckless little dwarf and his followers.

For many years previous to this time, Genghis Khan, whose real name was Temuchin, had been having a great deal of trouble with the thirteen Mongol tribes that owed obedience to his father Yesukai. Yesukai died in 1175, when Temuchin was thirteen years old, and while Richard Coeur de Lion and Philip Augustus of France were quarreling with each other during their crusade to the Holy Land, Temuchin was engaged in constant warfare with one or another of the disobedient Mongol hordes.

At last, in 1206, his power seemed to be firmly established, and he concluded that the time had come for him to proclaim himself emperor. He accordingly called all the khans of his empire to meet at Karakorum, his capital, to do him homage. Casan was greatly excited when he heard the news, and he resolved to witness the coronation, and, if possible, to present himself to his emperor and to join his imperial army.

The small dwarf, by the help of his mother, managed to fit himself out in Tartar costume suitable to the occasion, and then he went to Tin Kin, told him his project, and asked the loan of one of his horses. Tin Kin was delighted, praised his little friend, and not only gave him one of his most beautiful coursers, but also presented him with an attendant to act as a sort of esquire or armor-bearer. Karakorum was soon reached. The different khans met on the appointed day. They were all clothed in white; and Temuchin, with a shining diadem upon his brow, advanced and seated himself on a throne erected for him. First he received congratulations from all the princes, then he stepped down and made a long speech, which I suppose must have been very eloquent, and after this he seated himself upon

a small black rug that was spread for him. For a long time this piece of carpet was revered and preserved as a sacred relic. No fewer than seven khans assisted him to rise, and conducted him back to the throne. Here, after a great deal of talk and mummery, he was finally proclaimed Lord of the Mongol Empire, and requested to adopt the name and title Genghis Khan, which, though spelled in at least seven different ways, yet has only one meaning—"Perfect Warrior."

The Tartar and Mongol chiefs and warriors now swarmed about him, all vying with one another to gain his attention. Casan began to think it was his time; and, no doubt saying to himself in Tartar dialect something that meant "Now or never!" he mounted his impatient horse, burst through the crowd, and rode straight up to Genghis Khan.

"Prince of the great empire," said he, "they tell me you are going to undertake a war against China which will make your glory eternal. Happy will be the captains who fight by your side and obey your orders. True, I am a dwarf, not favored by nature; but"—here he struck his breast with his tiny fist—"I feel within me a martial spirit equal to that of your greatest general. I already have command of a troop of young warriors all eager for battle. Try me, great Emperor. Permit me to join the army, and my actions shall prove the truth of my words."

Genghis Khan was now a man forty years old. He was stern and dignified, but a good judge of character; and the self-possession of the dwarf both pleased and amused him. He liked the confidence Casan appeared to have in himself, and he replied: "Well done, my fine little fellow. I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. When we set out on our journey to the Chinese Empire you shall join the army, and you shall have a captainship."

These words, falling from the lips of the Emperor, produced an effect upon Casan that it is difficult to describe. His little Mongol features became animated, his black eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes, and his small frame quivered with excitement. The bystanders at the court were filled with astonishment, and

his parents were thunderstruck when they heard the news.

Now it so happened that Genghis, in order to subdue the deserters from his father's tribes, had dethroned several princes or khans. These petty chiefs had been in the habit of paying tribute to the great sovereign of the Kin Empire in North China. This high and mighty potentate now demanded money from Genghis Khan, thereby rousing the ire of our Mongolian warrior, who announced that rather than pay one cent for tribute he would fight the whole Chinese kingdom. Preparations for war were at once begun, and Casan was delighted when he received orders to join the army. At last his dream was realized. He was going to fight real battles, and he was in command of a body of troops. He bade adieu to his family, and with a proud heart set out to meet his sovereign.

As a first step, Genghis Khan invaded Western Hea, captured several strongholds, and retired in the summer to a place called Lung Ting, in order to escape the great heat of the plains or steppes. While there, news reached him that several other khans were preparing for war. He thereupon descended from the heights, marched against his foes, and in a pitched battle on the river Irtish he overthrew them completely. Casan attracted a great deal of notice on this occasion. He was here, there, and everywhere. On his mettlesome charger he bounded into the thickest of the fight, hurling his lance with unerring aim, and displaying great courage.

After the fray he was summoned to appear before the conqueror, who complimented the dwarf, saying: "Thy valor and thy courage have completely justified thy promises. From this day forth thou shalt be a khan; thou shalt have command of a large body of troops, and shalt hereafter be my companion in arms."

Casan was so delighted that he could scarcely contain his small self, and he longed for another battle. He had not long to wait. From the very earliest period of history the Chinese had found their warlike neighbors very troublesome. The Tartars had made so many raids into the Celestial Empire that they were greatly dreaded; and to prevent their at-

tacks, the Chinese had made on their northern frontier the Great Wall of China. Built about two hundred years before the Christian era, its entire length was about fifteen hundred miles. It was carried over the ridges of the highest hills and into the depths of the deep-

tailed armies into Western Hea, defeated the Kin army, and at last reached the Great Wall.

The small figure of the dwarf was conspicuous at the assault. Fierce as a lion, he managed to be one of the first upon the ramparts. Brandishing his sword, he shouted orders to his

men in a voice as deep and loud as any of the officers'. The fortification at last gave way, the immense army pushed through, and Genghis Khan, with Casan by his side, had captured the Wu-leang-hai pass, and penetrated the Great Wall. This was one of the greatest achievements in the life of the mighty conqueror.

Once established inside the Great Wall, the Tartar chief despatched three armies to overrun the Empire. Three of his sons commanded the right wing, his brothers led the left, while Genghis Khan, with a fourth son, and accompanied by Casan, directed the center column toward the southeast. As the troops marched on, cities and royal residences fell into their hands, and so they amassed great spoils.

At last, in the year 1214, Genghis halted in his triumphal career

est valleys; it crossed great rivers, being double in important passes. At distances of a hundred yards there were towers thirty-seven feet high, which measured forty-five feet at the base, while the wall itself was twenty-five feet thick. This stupendous piece of work had proved a safe barrier against the foes of China for fourteen hundred years.

After the battle of the Irtish, victory after victory perched upon the banners of the Mongol conqueror. Again he poured his well dis-



"CASAN RODE STRAIGHT UP TO GENGHIS KHAN."

before the city of Yenking, or Peking as it is now called. The members of the court here were greatly astonished and somewhat frightened when an envoy from their former vassal Temuchin demanded from them the

tribute and obedience his father had formerly paid to them; and it is said that Casan, impatient to see the interior of the city, managed to make his way inside the gates along with the Emperor's messenger. At first the dwarf escaped notice, being taken for a child; but by an accident his identity was discovered, and he was carried before some mandarin judges and requested to explain his presence at the court of Pekin. While the envoy was sent back to deliver a haughty answer to Genghis, Casan was held as a prisoner.

He was not badly treated, his table being well supplied with Chinese viands; but he became an object of great curiosity, and crowds came to see him. Among his numerous visitors was the daughter of one of the chief mandarins. Her name, according to an old French chronicle, was Tjiou-Tjeun Bendzingine; and from her Casan found out that the whole court as well as the Chinese Emperor himself were in terror of the Tartar troops.

Casan was most anxious to escape and to carry to Genghis Khan the news of the dismay among the mandarins. He set his small wits to work on a plan of escape, and finally prevailed upon the princess with that long name to procure for him some opium and a Chinese costume suited to his small figure. By hook or by crook the fair Tjiou-Tjeun brought the needful articles, and that night little Casan presented his jailers with so much opium that they speedily fell asleep, and he, donning the national costume, made his way out of his prison.

Casan finally succeeded in escaping from the city, but he was exhausted when he presented himself before his sovereign. Casan accounted for his absence, told his chief all he had learned at the Peking court, and was praised for his courage and diplomacy.

Genghis now sent another message to the Kin Emperor saying: "By the decree of Heaven you are now as weak as I am strong, but I am willing to retire from my conquests. As a condition of my doing so, it will be necessary that you distribute largess to my officers and men to appease their fierce hostility."

The Kin Emperor eagerly accepted the terms of safety, and sent Genghis many prisoners and a tribute of gold and silk and other treasures.

As soon, however, as Genghis had passed beyond the Great Wall, the Chinese Emperor changed his residence and moved his court farther from the Mongol frontier. Genghis thought this meant a renewing of hostilities, so he turned himself and his army about, and did not stop till he had conquered and laid waste the whole empire.

It would take a long time to tell of all the wars of this great conqueror—one of the greatest the world has ever seen. Wherever he went and wherever he fought, the faithful little dwarf was at his side. Genghis carried on his victorious battles toward the west until he reached the territories of the mighty Sultan of Khwarezm. Here he halted, having no immediate desire to go beyond these limits. He sent envoys with presents and a peaceful message to Muhammad, the Shah, and but for an unfortunate occurrence the Mongol armies would probably never have entered Europe.

Soon after the interchange of civilities between the two sovereigns, some of the Sultan's subjects plundered a caravan of Tartar merchants, and Genghis demanded satisfaction for the outrage. Instead of giving up the chief offender, as Genghis required, the Shah beheaded the Mongol envoy and sent back his attendants without their beards. This was an insult that must be avenged, and soon the two empires began great preparations for war.

The Sultan was master of many countries, among which were Persia and much of India. He collected an enormous army, but in case of failure he had no other recruits to fall back upon. Genghis, with his overpowering troops, rushed on all parts of Khwarezm at once. They swept from city to city, leaving nothing behind them but ashes and ruins. The Sultan's armies were almost always defeated. Muhammad, driven from one extremity to another, escaped to an island in the Caspian Sea, where he died in sickness and despair, leaving what remained of his empire to his son Jalaluddin. Jalaluddin was brave and courageous, and did all that man could do to avenge his father's death and to prop up his tottering throne. Hemmed in by the loss of city after city, he was at last driven to the banks of the Indus. Here was fought a desperate battle. The Tartars, led

by Genghis Khan in person (whom little Casan always followed), far outnumbered the Turks. The mighty army of the Sultan had been reduced to a few hundred men, who fought with undaunted courage till forced to flee.

Jalaluddin, knowing that all was lost, stripped himself of his armor, threw away all his arms save his bow, quiver, and sword, and mounting a fresh horse, plunged into the river twenty feet below. With admiring gaze Genghis and Casan stood watching the fearless horseman.

In the middle of the stream he turned and emptied his quiver in defiance of his enemy, and soon after was seen to mount the opposite bank. He passed the night in a tree to keep clear of the wild beasts. Genghis sent men to pursue him, but he escaped to Delhi. He managed to recruit a few soldiers from the beaten Turks, but his spirit was broken. He could not endure exile, and after many misfortunes he returned to his own country and died in obscurity. More than six centuries have passed away, and still the ravages of the great Khwarezm war have not been entirely repaired.

After the great Mongolian had conquered China, Persia, and all Central Asia his empire became one of the most formidable ever established. It extended from the Pacific Ocean on the east to the river Dnieper in European Russia, and was a wider realm than Egyptian, Greek, or Roman conqueror ever knew. The kings of Armenia and Georgia, the emirs of Persia, the grand-dukes of Russia, and numerous other potentates were compelled to pay tribute to Genghis Khan, and they were all obliged to make the long journey to Karakorum in person or by their representatives.

This town, the capital of the largest empire that ever existed, was little more than a city of tents. It afterward became the residence of the famous Kublai Khan, as Marco Polo tells us, but every vestige of it has disappeared.

Genghis Khan at last retired from active service to lead a quiet life in the enjoyment of the wealth he had acquired at the expense of so much toil and blood. The numerous khans and generals were commanded to return; and they came back encumbered with the spoils of war. They all assembled on a vast plain some

twenty miles in extent, and, according to one historian, even this great field could scarcely contain all the tents of the countless hosts. The Emperor's quarters alone were six miles around. An enormous white tent capable of containing two thousand people was spread over his throne, on which was carefully placed the bit of black carpet used at his coronation.

During the ceremonies Casan was placed by the side of one of the sons of Genghis Khan; and when the time came for his children and grandchildren to kiss the monarch's hand, the dwarf was permitted the same privilege. Genghis accepted the presents bestowed upon him; and he who had spent his life despoiling others now gave rich gifts to his soldiers.

The little dwarf looked on with delight when five hundred captives from conquered countries came to make their obeisance before the conquering hero. His heart beat with pride, a martial spirit fired his small body, and, like Alexander, he longed for more worlds to conquer. This whole ceremonial concluded with a grand festival which lasted several days.

But all things have an end, and so had the life of the Mongolian chieftain. In the year 1227 he was seized with a fatal illness, and died in his traveling-palace on the bank of the river Sale in Mongolia. His death-bed was surrounded by his sons, and Casan stood beside them.

Poor little Casan adored his master, and bitterly mourned his loss. His spirit sank and his ambition vanished when the emperor breathed his last. After one or two expeditions into Russia and Poland with the sons of Genghis Khan, the tiny warrior returned to his native country, and pitched his luxurious tent in Karakorum.

Here he was treated with great respect by all the people. His abode was no ordinary affair. It was made of thick Persian carpets, and was placed on a gorgeous chariot drawn by gaily decked oxen. As he moved from place to place he received with dignity and modesty the honors that were shown him.

A dwarf in size, a giant in spirit, Casan did not long survive his beloved sovereign; and all signs of his last resting-place, like all traces of Genghis Khan's ancient capital, have long since vanished from the face of the earth.



The Whistling Giant

THERE came a giant in
the Land,
And lo! he whistled merrily;
And all the folk joined hand in hand,
And laughed and danced full
cheerily.



And capered with benignity;
And doctors grave and judges grim,
They danced for joy of hearing him,
Unmindful of their dignity.
The baker danced as he baked his bread,
And the dominie danced when the lessons
were said.
The wagoner danced with his horses twain,
And the horses danced with the laden wain.
The little streams—that scarce have done—
They rippled and danced in the morning
sun.
And old folks say, who saw the sight,
The stars danced softly every night.

They danced all day till day was
gone—
And still the Giant whistled on.
And kings came down from lofty
thrones,
And wrapped their robes about
their bones,



But whether they hid or whether they shone,
The whistling Giant whistled on.

He whistled so hard and he breathed so deep
 That the whistling Giant fell asleep.
 And still on bright spring days, it seems,
 The Giant whistles in his dreams;
 Not as he whistled long ago,
 But very soft and sweet and low;

And when you dance you know not why,
 And can't help laughing though you try,
 Or smiling, then be sure you may
 The Giant is not far away.
 And if aside all cares we lay,
 I do believe—though I know not when—
 The Giant will awake again.

Mae Elizabeth Haynes.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

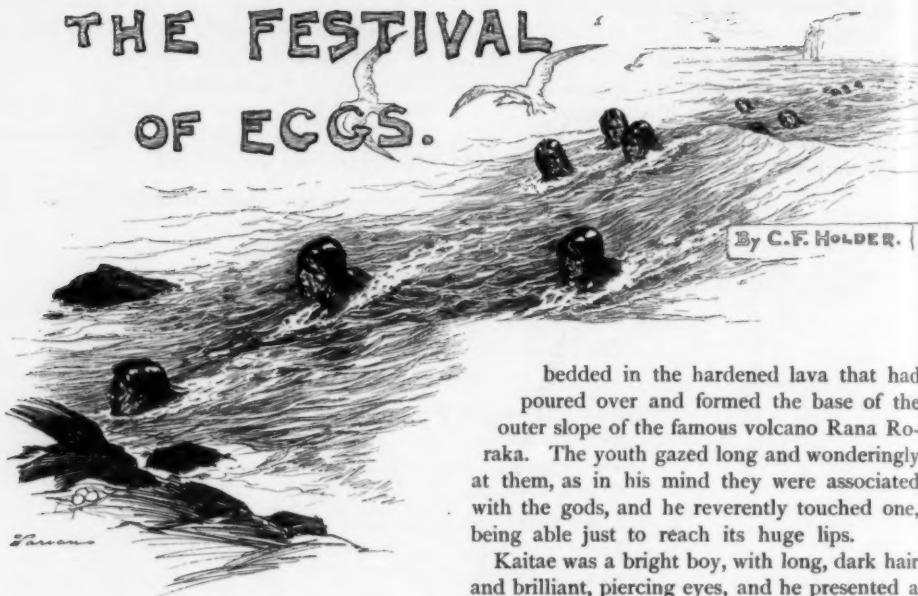
THERE was once a little maiden,
 And she had a mirror bright;
 It was rimmed about with silver;
 'T was her pride and her delight.
 But she found two fairy sisters
 Lived within this pretty glass,
 And very different faces showed,
 To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
 Why, it was sure to be
 The *smiling* sister who looked out
 Her happy face to see.
 But if everything went criss-cross,
 And she wore a frown or pout,
 Alas! alas! within the glass
 The *frowning* one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
 The smiling face to see,
 That she resolved with all her heart
 A happy child to be.
 To grow more sweet and loving,
 She tried with might and main,
 Till the frowning sister went away,
 And ne'er came back again.

But if she 's looking for a home,
 As doubtless is the case,
 She 'll try to find a little girl
 Who has a gloomy face.
 So be very, very careful,
 If you own a mirror too,
 That the frowning sister does n't come
 And make her home with you.

THE FESTIVAL OF EGGS.



KAITAE was just sixteen years old. It was his birthday, and he rose bright and early, and was abroad before any of his companions; for, exhausted with the games and contests of the previous day, they were sleeping heavily in the curious caves or stone houses that even to this day mark the location of Orongo.

Kaitae was a prince, the lineal descendant of King Kaitae of Waihu, the strange volcanic island in the South Pacific better known as Easter Island.

The young prince, stepping lightly over two sleeping comrades, stole out of the cave and with a joyful heart bounded away. For some distance he ran quickly, then, coming to a large platform of stone, he stopped at last near a group of curious objects.

The sun was just rising over the sea, seeming to Kaitae to illumine the scene with a mysterious radiance. He stood upon the side of an ancient volcano, the steep slope of which fell precipitously a thousand feet to the sea; and before him were many faces of gigantic size, staring, gaunt, lifeless stone, their enormous eyes turned to the north. The great heads alone appeared, as if the bodies were em-

bedded in the hardened lava that had poured over and formed the base of the outer slope of the famous volcano Rana Roraka. The youth gazed long and wonderingly at them, as in his mind they were associated with the gods, and he reverently touched one, being able just to reach its huge lips.

Kaitae was a bright boy, with long, dark hair and brilliant, piercing eyes, and he presented a strange contrast to the wonderful old face that looked so steadfastly to the north. What was it looking at? what did it see? he asked himself; and climbing up to the brink of Rana Roraka, he gazed steadily to the north, then, turning, peered down into the vast crater of the volcano. The great abyss was nearly circular, a mile across, and its sides were deeply jagged. On the sides, half-way down, were other faces, lying in strange confusion, as if they had been hurriedly left, or thrown down by some convulsion of nature.

Kaitae had heard from his father that in ancient times Tro Kaiho, a son of King Mohuta Ariiki, had made the first of these images. Here they had been for ages, for all he knew, marking the spot where the remains of his ancestors lay.

Kaitae, however, was not abroad so early in the morning to study these strange monuments of his ancestors. It was a famous holiday-time,—the Festival of the Sea-birds' Eggs,—and the entire male population of Waihu was gathered at Orongo to celebrate it. The festival was an ancient custom, and the stone houses of Orongo had been built long in the past by these people to shelter them during this season.

The festival consisted of a race for the first gull's egg deposited upon the islands of Mutu Rankan and Mutu Nui, mere volcanic rocks which peered above the surface a few hundred yards from the rocky shore of the island of Orongo. The object was to reach the island first, secure an egg, and bring it back in safety. The one who accomplished this was greeted by the entire community as a hero; and, more important yet, the return with the unbroken egg was supposed to bring with it the approval of the great spirit Meke Meke; and the fortunate one was the recipient of many gifts from his fellows throughout the ensuing year.

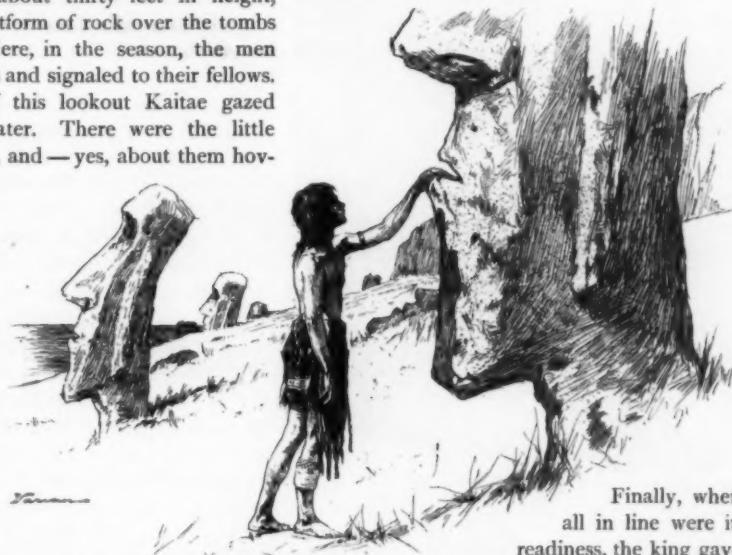
There was keen rivalry among the young men and boys; and Kaitae had determined this year to be the first to discover gulls on the islands. Running down the slope of the volcano, past the great stone images weighing many tons, he made his way quickly to an observation tower, about thirty feet in height, resting upon a platform of rock over the tombs of his people. Here, in the season, the men watched for turtles and signaled to their fellows. From the top of this lookout Kaitae gazed over the blue water. There were the little islands below him, and — yes, about them hovered numbers of white objects, the long-looked-for gulls, which evidently had arrived during the night. With a joyous shout, Kaitae sprang down, and was soon bounding over the rocks to convey the news to the natives. At once they all came swarming out of their stone burrows like ants, and before long began to move in the direction of the coast. When all had gathered at the cliff, the king addressed them, repeating the time-honored rules for the race.

At his word they were to start for the island,

and the one who returned to him first with an unbroken egg would have the especial favor of the great spirit Meke Meke.

The band of excited men and boys stood in various expectant postures, some with one foot in advance, others with arms eagerly stretched to the front, ready for the word from the king.

Kaitae stood near his father, his eyes flashing, and determination expressed in every motion. He had decided upon a dangerous course. The cliff where the start was made was a precipitous, jagged wall rising far above the sea, and breasting it with a bold front. From it numerous paths led down to the water; and Kaitae knew that many a fierce struggle would take place to reach the water's edge. He had determined to take the cliff jump, a perilous feat that had not been attempted since the king, his grandfather, a famous athlete, had performed it when a boy.



"KAITAE REVERENTLY TOUCHED ONE OF THE GREAT STONE FACES, BEING ABLE JUST TO REACH ITS HUGE LIPS."

Finally, when all in line were in readiness, the king gave the signal, and on rushed the crowd of islanders with loud cries

and shouts. Out from among them shot the form of a boy, straight as an arrow, his long, black hair flying in the wind. Not to the lower beach, not to the narrow trails made by his ancestors, but directly to the brink of the precipice. The train of dusky figures paused breathless, and

the king rushed forward to see Kaitae dive out into space and gracefully disappear into the depths below. Up he soon came, a black spot on the waters, and before the astonished natives could recover from their excitement he was far on his way to the island.

Down the narrow trails worn in the lava swept the crowd, pushing one another over in their rush to the shore, diving, leaping, and hurling themselves into the sea in eager endeavor to reach the island. But Kaitae was far in advance; and before the crowd of egg-seekers were half-way over he had gained the rocky point of Mutu Nui, and amid the threatening cries of the birds had clambered up. Dozens of speckled eggs were strewn about. Seizing one, Kaitae placed it in his mouth as the safest place, and, springing again into the water, was homeward bound.

No one seemed discouraged because Kaitae was ahead. A hundred accidents might yet befall him. The current was strong against the return; the egg might break—it generally

into the sea. Altogether it was a scene strange and exciting, even to the king who had witnessed every race for many years. Some of the men broke their eggs and were obliged to return, while others could not find any, and were pecked at and buffeted by the enraged birds that filled the air with their cries, and swooped down to avenge this intrusion.

Kaitae reached the shore of Orongo well ahead of all except one man who had won the race more than once in former years—a daring climber, a rapid and powerful swimmer. But Kaitae drew himself up on the rocks carefully, that the egg might not be broken, then sped away up the face of the cliff. For days he had studied the steep ascent, and a score of times had scaled its rough face, but never before with a large egg in his mouth. When half-way up he was breathing hard. His mouth became dry and parched, and the egg seemed to be choking him. But still he held on, climbing higher and higher, spurred on by the shouts of his companions, who were now landing in large numbers.

One more effort, and he reached the top, and running forward, he held out the egg, unbroken, to the king. He was just in time, for his nearest rival, breathless Tahana, came rushing up the narrow trail, followed, a few moments later, by a score of disappointed contestants.

As victor, Kaitae was the center of interest for the remainder of the day. Many gifts and favors fell to him, and he sat in the seat of honor next to the king at the dance and the

merrymakings on that and succeeding nights.

Kaitae was much more intelligent than many of his comrades, and while he joined in their games and pastimes he as much enjoyed listening to his elders when they related stories of the wonders of Waihu in the olden time. He learned that in those days the island was inhabited by many tribes of men, all under his



"KAITAE HELD OUT THE EGG, UNBROKEN, TO THE KING."

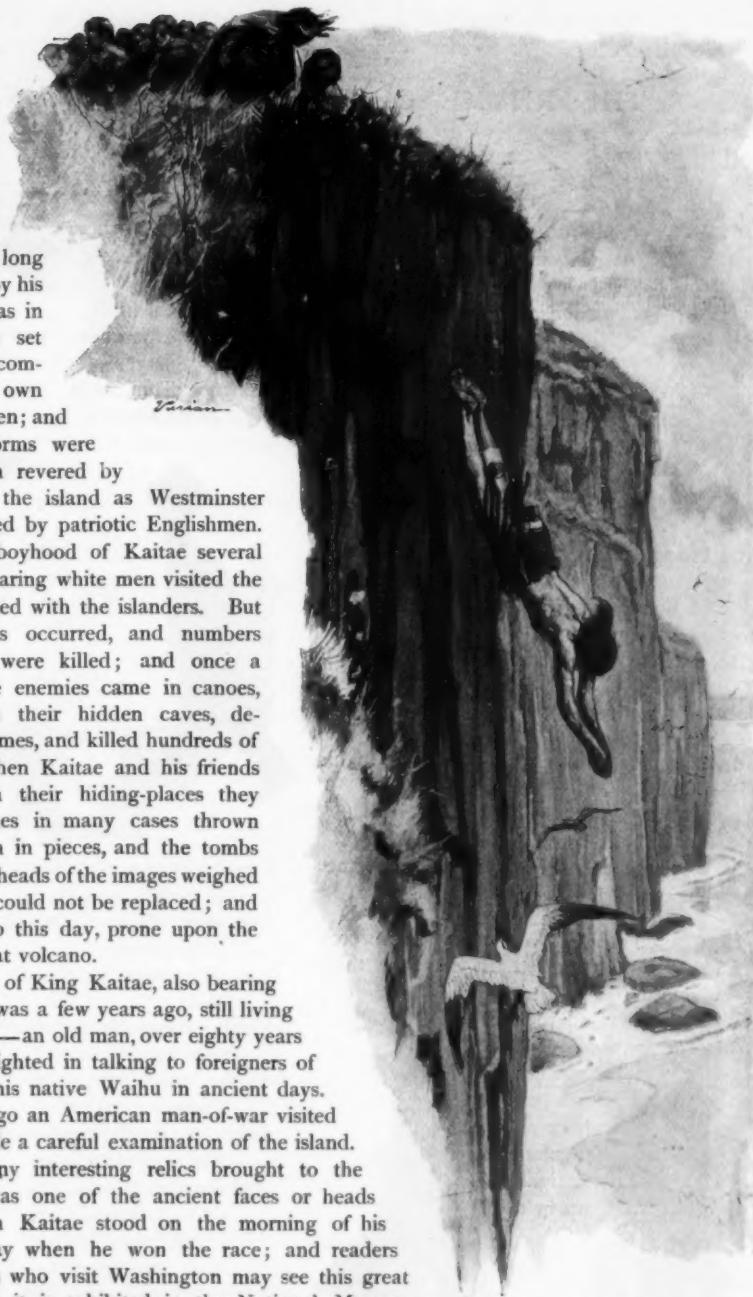
did; he might slip on the rocks in the quick ascent; he might be injured, even killed—such things had been known. So the contestants swam on, and soon scores of dark forms could be seen crawling out from the water over the moss-covered rocks, slipping, sliding, falling; then darting this way and that in search of an egg. Having found one, each plunged quickly

ancestor the king; and that the curious platforms and monuments that have since made Easter Island famous over the entire world were long before erected by his ancestors, just as in our parks we set up statues to commemorate our own distinguished men; and that the platforms were tombs as much revered by the natives of the island as Westminster Abbey is revered by patriotic Englishmen.

During the boyhood of Kaitae several strange ships bearing white men visited the island, and traded with the islanders. But some difficulties occurred, and numbers of his people were killed; and once a horde of native enemies came in canoes, drove them to their hidden caves, destroyed their homes, and killed hundreds of the people. When Kaitae and his friends came out from their hiding-places they found the statues in many cases thrown down or broken in pieces, and the tombs destroyed. The heads of the images weighed tons, and many could not be replaced; and there they lie, to this day, prone upon the side of the great volcano.

A descendant of King Kaitae, also bearing his name, is, or was a few years ago, still living at Easter Island—an old man, over eighty years of age, who delighted in talking to foreigners of the wonders of his native Waihu in ancient days.

A few years ago an American man-of-war visited Waihu, and made a careful examination of the island. Among the many interesting relics brought to the United States was one of the ancient faces or heads by one of which Kaitae stood on the morning of his sixteenth birthday when he won the race; and readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* who visit Washington may see this great stone image, for it is exhibited in the National Museum.



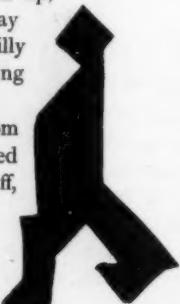
KAITAE'S DIVE.

THE RHYME OF TRIANGULAR TOMMY.

By CAROLYN WELLS.



TRIANGULAR TOMMY, one morning in May,
Went out for a walk on the public highway.
Just here I will say
"T was a bright sunny day,
And the sky it was blue, and the grass it was green,
The same sky and grass that you've all of you seen;
And the birds in the trees sang
their usual song,
And Triangular Tommy went trudging along.



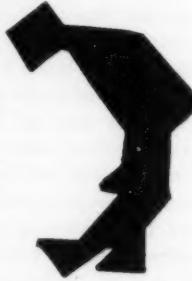
But I can tell you
He cared naught for the view.
He did just what small boys of his age always do:
He shouted out "Scat!"
At a wandering cat,
And he picked a big daisy to stick in his hat;
The clovers he topped,
And the toadstools he cropped,
And sometimes he scuffled and sometimes he hopped.

He took an old stick and poked at a worm,
And merrily chuckled to see the thing squirm;

When he chanced to look up,
and in gorgeous array

Triangular Tilly
was coming
his way.

Triangular Tom
straightened
up in a jiff,



And put on his best manner—exceedingly stiff;
And as far as his angular shape would allow
Triangular Tom made a beautiful bow.



Triangular Tilly went smilingly by,
With a glance that was friendly, but just a bit shy.
And Tom so admired her that after she passed,
A backward look over his shoulder he cast.
And he said, "Though I think many girls are but silly,
I really admire that Triangular Tilly."



But soon all such thoughts were put out of his head,
For who should come by but Triangular Ted,
The very boy Tom had been wishing to see!
"Hello!" said Triangular Tommy, said he.
"Hello!" said Triangular Ted, and away
Those two children scooted to frolic and play.
And they had, on the green,
Where 't was all dry and clean,

The best game of leap-frog that ever was seen.

Triangular Tom bent down this way, you know,
And Triangular Ted stood beside him, just so,
When one, two, three — go!
With the greatest gusto,
Ted flew over Tom in a manner not slow.

They played hide-and-seek, they played marbles and tag;

They played they were soldiers, and each waved a flag;

Till at last they confessed
They wanted to rest;
So they sat down and chatted with laughter and jest;

When Schoolmaster Jones they suddenly spied,
Come clumping along with his pedagogue stride,
As usual, with manner quite preoccupied;
With his hat on one side,
And his shoe-lace untied —

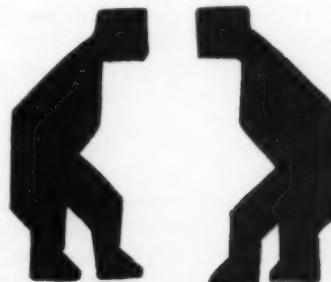
A surly old fellow, it can't be denied;

And each wicked boy
Thought that he would enjoy
An occasion the thoughtful old man to annoy,
And all of his wise calculations destroy.
So they thought they'd employ
A means known to each boy.
And across the wide pavement they fastened a twine
Exceedingly strong but exceedingly fine;
And Triangular Tommy laughed out in his glee,
To think how upset the old master would be!

Although very wicked, their mischievous scheme
Was a perfect success; and with a loud scream,
A horrible clash,
A thump and a smash,
Old Schoolmaster Jones came down with a crash.



His hat rolled away, and his spectacles broke,
And those dreadful boys thought it a howling good joke.
And they just doubled up in immoderate glee,
Saying, "Look at the Schoolmaster! Tee-hee! tee-hee!"



Tom gave a guffaw,
And Ted roared a "haw-haw;"
But soon their diversion was turned into
awe,
For old Schoolmaster Jones was angry,
they saw.

Triangular Ted
Turned swiftly and fled,
And far down the street like a reindeer he
sped,

Leaving Tommy to
face the old gen-
tlemen's rage,
Who quickly jumped
up,—he was brisk
for his age,—
And with just indigna-
tion portrayed
on his face,

To Triangular Tommy
he quickly gave
chase.

And hearing his
squeals
And his frantic
appeals,
Triangular Tommy fast took to his heels.

Now Tommy was agile and Tommy was
spry;

He whizzed through the
air—he just seemed
to fly;
He rushed madly on,
until, dreadful to
say!

He came where the rail-
road was just in his
way—

And alas! and alack!
He tripped on the
track!

And then with a terrible, sudden ker-thwack!
Triangular Tommy sprawled flat on his
back—

And the train came along with a crash,
and a crack,
A din, and a clatter, a clang, and a clack,
A toot, and a boom, and a roar, and a hiss,
And chopped him all up into pieces like
this—



If you cut out papers just like them, why,
then
If you try, you can put him together again.

CÆSAR.

(*A Charade.*)

BY WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

My monstrous first holds rude and ruthless sway
Above three-fourths of all the globe, 't is reckoned:
One-sixth of all remaining must obey
The imperial bidding of my second.

And history tells us that in ancient time,
When the known world was small—
One scepter stretching over every clime—
My whole subdued it all.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTEENAY BAYLOR.

[This story was begun in the February number.]

CHAPTER VII.

NINA'S WANDERINGS.

LATE that afternoon, when Marian came home after a three hours' absence, and found that Nina had gone out alone, she made anxious inquiries of Mrs. Andrews.

"I don't know when she left. I must have been asleep. Why, what keeps her, Marian? Why did you go out?" said Mrs. Andrews.

"Why, you knew I was going, cousin."

"Yes, yes; of course. You don't think anything can have happened, do you, Marian? Oh, dear! That child! That child!"

Marian could not answer this question, but went to look about the neighborhood and make inquiries. Returning, she found Mrs. Andrews at the window in a state of increased anxiety, and with traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Why did I come to this hotel?" she exclaimed. "If I had gone somewhere else, perhaps she would n't have cared to go out. And why must you have chosen this afternoon to go out, of all afternoons! Why did n't I hire a carriage and take Nina to some place of amusement? Oh, dear! what *can* have become of her?"

"But, cousin, you were not well, and no one could have foreseen this prank of Nina's," said Marian, quietly.

"Send for the proprietor, Marian; employ a detective,—a dozen, if necessary,—and telegraph, telephone; do bring me some news soon, or I shall go distracted!" cried the agitated grandmother. "Look! all the lamps are lit, and Nina is wandering nobody knows where! Oh, why did I ever leave New York! If anything has happened to her, I shall never forgive myself."

Meanwhile Nina had not been without ad-

ventures. Once outside, she had found that London was not at all dull. She was, indeed, embarrassed by the many things that invited attention and examination. She was not aware that she herself was much stared at as she minced along under her parasol, turned here and there, or stood gazing into the shops. She was interested by the neat shops of the dignified butchers, by the cook- and bake-shops, very steamy and savory, and the drapers' establishments next door, perhaps, and the greengrocers' with some vegetables that she had never seen. Nina stepped into one of these shops and said to the stout woman seated behind the counter:

"I want four or five pineapples, if you are sure they are first rate; and hurry up and don't keep me waiting."

The woman stared.

"Four or five pines, do you mean, miss? It's a large horder, and I 'm thinking we 'ave n't as many in the shop; but we can get them at once. What name and address, if you please, miss?" she said, rising.

Nina gave these.

"Thank you, miss; and if we might serve you regular, every pains would be took to give satisfaction. Four pounds, please, miss; and none finer to be 'ad this day in London."

"Twenty dollars!" cried Nina, having already learned the currency of the country. "What do you take me for? Now that 'cause I 'm an American. But you don't cheat me! You can just keep your old pineapples." She swept out of the shop indignantly, actually forgetting her parasol, for which she had to go back.

"Cheating, miss? What do you mean?" said the woman angrily. "It 's the regular price, and this is as respectable a shop as there is in all London, and over a hundred years in the business." But Nina would not stay to listen, nor did she dream that this was the truth.

She was staring in a fishmonger's at the new and wonderful members of the funny tribe displayed there, pointing out some cockles with her parasol, and saying, "What on earth's that? Is it good to eat?" when a gay, childish voice fell upon her ear. Turning, she saw a very pretty but woefully ragged little French girl. In her hand was a tambourine, and this she shook while she made little forced, unmirthful leaps and bounds in the street, and sang a merry air with a mournful face. Nina laughed, and the child laughed and began capering again, this time with more spirit, and sang in her shrill treble:

*Je suis Polonoise, oui-da!
Je me nomme Lodoiska,
Je me nomme Lodo, Lois, Loka, Lodoiska,
Je suis née à Cracovie.*

*Je suis Polonoise, oui-da!
Je me nomme Lodoiska,
Je me nomme Lodo, Lois, Loka, Lodoiska.*

Highly diverted and pleased, Nina cried out, "Oh, how funny! That's splendid!" and gave her a shilling, whereupon the little minstrel's face flushed with pleasure, and the next moment she capered away.

It had been Nina's intention, of course, to keep in the immediate neighborhood of the hotel. She unknowingly wandered off. "I'll just see what there is down there," or "I'll just go around the corner a minute," she had said. She had no idea, either, how time was running away, because she was amused, interested. Nor did she particularly notice a little man who went wherever she went, sometimes behind her, sometimes in front of her, sometimes on the opposite side of the street, now sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, not seeing anything apparently, now walking briskly as if on business of importance, but always keeping her in view.

Coming upon a boy trundling a small handcart heaped high with immense oranges, Nina stopped him and said: "Here! What do you ask for 'em? A pound apiece, I guess."

"Oh, no, miss, only a penny; and just be pleased to look at the size of 'em. Pumpkins, almost, and sweet and juicy—my heyes! 'Andle 'em, miss, if I may make so bold, and feel the weight of 'em," said the boy, and began

juggling with them, and giving out a fearfully shrill, discordant squawk, that only the initiated could have recognized as "Fi-i-ne Sicily or-a-ges!"

"Very well, I'll take six," said Nina, who was very fond of oranges; and she might have seen the little man brush by her as she opened her purse and paid for them. The little man could see that in the purse were three gold pieces and some half-crowns and shillings. Nina next walked through a small park or square filled with some stunted trees and shrubs, and thronged with nursery-maids and babies from the houses near by. Coming out, she turned to the left, then to the right, and was midway in an extremely long stretch of unbroken street bordered by handsome houses, when down came the rain,—never very far off in England. Dismayed, Nina looked up, around, about her, seeing nothing but the little man, who had still followed. He now advanced and said very civilly:

"If you'll come up this way, miss, w'ich I am coachman to a famby living right there in the third 'ouse, and I lives near by, me and my wife, you can have shelter, and welcome."

There was a hansom standing in front of the house he had pointed out. Grandy's parasol did not afford much shelter. Nina had on her best holiday attire. For a second she hesitated, and then said, with a sharp glance at him, "Go with you? No, indeed. I'm not so stupid."

If she had looked back she would have seen that the bogus coachman was still lurking in the neighborhood. On and on she went. She tried to retrace the many turns she had made, but every moment became more confused. A plucky child, however, she did not get frightened even when, after about twenty minutes of walking, staring, and puzzling, she found herself in a short, narrow lane dimly lit by lamps, at the back of Portlington Crescent. Here she was suddenly confronted by the little man who had followed her.

"Well," said Nina coolly, "what do *you* want? Everybody I meet seems to want something." For answer there came a sudden blow on the head, her purse was snatched from her, and so was her parasol; but not until she had given the man a sharp return stroke with it.

Nina shrieked loudly and lustily for help. A policeman was not far away, and ran to her as the man ran away.

"Catch him! Hit him! Hold him! Never mind me!" cried Nina in great excitement, intent first on revenge. But what huge Policeman X did was to pick up her hat and the oranges, listen to her story, take her home, and turn her over to the wailing Mrs. Andrews.

Marian heard Nina's story, and tipped the good-hearted giant who had come to the rescue. He said respectfully, "Thank you. It ought never to have been allowed, miss"; and went his way.

This was what Marian thought, and it was she who heard all from the culprit, comforted her, and forbore to point any morals or tell any tales.

"Oh, Cousin Marian, this is the meanest, horridest, wickedest, cheatingest place that ever was!" said Nina in conclusion. "I've lost my purse and my parasol, and that man hit me; and—just think!—those beautiful oranges that I bought had been *boiled* to make 'em all swell up and look big! That policeman and I threw them all away. *I've been fooled by these scamps!* Oh, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGHT-SEEING.

THE day after Nina's adventures in search of amusement had turned out so alarmingly, Mrs. Andrews, made worse by the anxiety she had undergone, desired Marian to send for the great Sir Wilkinson Jebb, whose fame, as physician to the Queen and half the royalties of Europe, had crossed the Atlantic.

A portly, fresh-faced, spectacled gentleman of about sixty, of the most dignified (not to say pompous) bearing, drove up to the hotel that afternoon in a brougham of much quiet elegance, and was duly announced to Mrs. Andrews. Having seated himself in the only comfortable chair the room boasted, he listened with the calmness of his profession to that lady's voluble account of herself. His expressionless eyes were fixed upon her face as she talked, and he fidgeted when, after the manner of some patients, she went into the history of her ailment, the opinions

of previous doctors, the similar and dissimilar cases of the same malady that had come under her notice; then, catching Marian's eye, he said with reserve that there seemed to be "a slight feverish tendency," rapidly wrote a prescription, ordered Mrs. Andrews to stay in bed and be absolutely quiet for several days, made a few courteous, stilted remarks about the weather and the topics of the day, and with a profoundly polite salaam was on his way downstairs when he met Nina.

"You still up, my child?" he said in surprise, on encountering Nina's fixed gaze. "How is it that you are not in bed? Anxious about your grandmother, I suppose. You need not be, I assure you. She is doing admirably. You may go to bed now."

"It is n't your business to send me to bed," said Miss Irrepressible, tartly.

"Ha, ha! Very good, very good! I'd be precious glad to put myself there, I know; but we doctors are like postmen, always on the move," said he. "But you should keep early hours, you know. You look fagged and delicate."

"Well, moving round does n't seem to make you look delicate. I like to be thin, and I'm very well, and one should n't make personal remarks," retorted Nina severely—and consistently.

Sir Wilkinson's face was a study on hearing this. Displeased astonishment at finding himself so familiarly accosted was followed by a puzzled expression, and that by an increase of color and a stiffening of the whole figure. "Oh, that is your opinion, is it?" he said to her huffily; and then to Marian at the door, "Your young friend is—" He did not finish the sentence, but brushed his hat with his hand, and with his head on one side gazed reflectively down upon Nina, smiled in a mechanical, professional sort of way, finally, and added: "Odd child, very! Delightful! Ah! Oh, yes. You will see that water is given with the mixture, Miss Brewster; but unless there should be some very decided development—ah! where is my cane? Ah! Good night."

In a few days Mrs. Andrews was better—that is, her fever had left her; but her convalescence proved a tedious affair, and being or-

dered to keep her room for some time, she proceeded to abandon herself to invalidism. She sent for some books, saying it would be a good time to read.

"It is dreadful my being laid up like this now, Marian," she said. "Everything seems to go wrong. However, now that we are here, you will have to take Nina about and show her everything that she cares to see. Find out what will interest her. I can't discover that she wants to see anything particularly."

Nothing loath, Marian sat down, got out her guide-books and maps, and made out a list of the most important sights.

"Does n't it sound delicious?" she said, after reading the list to Nina. "Now we shall see how good your eyes and ears are, Miss Nina! We are going to have a glorious time of it, a feast of sight-seeing. We are going to see London, and we are not going to kill ourselves, either, doing it, but to take it all systematically and quietly and pleasantly day by day. And in future just think what it will mean to us when somebody speaks of London!"

Accordingly, every day after this, after a comfortable breakfast, they "went into Committee of Two," as Marian said, and decided what particular plum they would take from this rich cake, as their share for that day. Then, having decided, they would start in high spirits and perfect accord to see this or that notable sight.

Nina had already had some experience of Marian's practical sagacity, and had felt, without being quite conscious of it, the patience, sympathy, comprehension, and justice that had marked her conduct throughout. She was now to feel the charm of association with a fine and cultured mind under circumstances that naturally brought out its breadth and resources — to say nothing of a sunny nature and a character in which strength and sweetness were combined in a most unusual degree.

Having settled upon the place they were to visit, Marian would thoroughly inform herself about it, or refresh her memory with regard to it, and then in the most clever and interesting way tell the important points for Nina's benefit, adding such spice in the way of romance, poetry, anecdotes, biography, as her wide know-

ledge of English history and literature suggested. "Stories," Nina called them all. Instead of tiring her with long, dry, technical accounts and details of places, people, and past events, she managed to make them exist, breathe, live again to the eager, imaginative child. When they stood in front of the Nelson monument, for instance, Marian stirred her heart by telling her of Nelson of the Nile, "saviour of the silver-coasted isle," and his battles, victories, and death, instead of dwelling on the style of architecture or the height of the column. At Apsley House the Great Duke was her text.

The tombs of the heroes in St. Paul's interested Nina more than anything else there. These, with the stained glass, the beautiful carvings by Grinling Gibbons, the crypt supporting such an immense weight, the fact that the towers could be seen at sea and as far west as Windsor, and that Sir Christopher Wren built it in thirty-five years on the site of an ancient Gothic cathedral destroyed in the Great Fire,—whereas St. Peter's at Rome, its only rival, was a hundred and fifty years in building,—and some stories about Howard and Heber, ever after stood for "St. Paul's" in her mind.

The Tower was not to be seen in one visit, or even in the three they made to it; and its great ghosts and its two little ones — those of the murdered princes — were very visible to these travelers, and as real as themselves. Full of interest and enthusiasm herself, Marian easily inspired the child with both; and together they walked through the silent rooms that are yet so eloquent of the tears, sighs, prayers woes of so many souls; together walked over Tower Green, red with the blood of so many of England's noblest and bravest; together lingered in the Chapel, so full of shadows actual and historical; admired the crown jewels, and discussed in turn the long line of British monarchs and warriors in full armor, mounted on their war steeds in separate stalls of the Horse Armory; and having enjoyed fully every feature of the palace-citadel, passed through the terrible Traitors' Gate, and went home by water, "just to see what it was like in Warwick's time."

The "storied urns" and marble busts and no longer animated dust of the Abbey gave them so much to see and talk over that, alone,

it would have been worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The Temple Church and Gardens were another delight; and no matter where they went, stories, poems, quotations, dates, facts, came thronging to Marian's mind; and Nina hanging on her arm, her eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks flushed, more than once with lips trembling and eyes full of tears, eagerly heard them all, with even more intelligence and sympathy than Marian had given her credit for. She could not hear enough, indeed, about Blondel and the Lion-heart, Elizabeth and Mary, Lady Jane Grey, Warwick the King-maker, and many, many more.

Her interest showed itself in some characteristic ways. The rabbit-faced, anxious verger at the Abbey, finding her brandishing her umbrella fiercely about Queen Elizabeth's head in a way that would have endangered her own a few centuries back, went up to her in great haste to ask, "Whatever are you doing? — defacing the monuments?"

"Ugh-h!" said Nina, still looking at her imperious majesty, and making an atrocious grimace, intended to be expressive of the utmost hatred and contempt, taking no notice of him whatever. "You hateful, red-headed old fright of a tyrant, who killed that sweet, lovely, beautiful cousin who trusted you! I'd like to send you to the Tower forever, and never give you anything to eat, and never let you read your letters. And I would, too, if I only had you in New York!"

The startled verger stared with all his eyes on hearing this, but before he could say more Nina had turned to him quickly, saying, "I'm so sorry she's dead! I'd like to punish her, I would.—What do you wear that black night-gown for?"

When he could collect his senses he made answer gruffly: "'Er Majesty Queen Helizabeth was the greatest sovering Hengland's ever 'ad, miss, and so was 'er reign; and you're actin' suspicious and talkin' in a way that can't be allowed 'ere, a-showin' disrespect to the crown in estronnary langwidge and threatenin' violence. Please to walk on, and not stop behind again, miss; and give over that umbrella to me. I did n't notice it. As to my gown, it's what all vergers wears; and I'm not to be made game

of, I can tell you, by *none* in my own Habbe! The dean hisself would n't think of it. The harches in this chapel, you will observe—" and so on.

Marian was amused to hear his voice rise to its usual rasping professional level at the close of his sentence, and taking Nina's hand, she led her away to the Poet's Corner.

The particular Beefeater who chanced to be on duty at the Tower, and fell to their lot, had likewise a misunderstanding with Nina.

"Do you belong to a circus?" Nina demanded of him when she found an opportunity.

"Belong to a circus, miss? Well, I should say not. I'm a soldier. I've served in Canada and India and Afghanistan, and won a medal in the Kaffir troubles; and they gave me this place, although there were others that wanted it. I belonged to the 79th Lowlanders. And I've got two brothers in the 'Black Watch,'" said he with evident pride.

"I never saw a black watch. Are they for colored people?" said Nina.

"Not they, miss! Never! Nor nothin' to do with 'em. They are as white as you or me, —excuse me mentionin' you so freely,—and better soldiers never followed a flag nor heard a drum," said the veteran with pardonable pride. "And what you mean by a circus I can't make out."

"Well, there's a whole lot of you over here, in houses and on the carriages and round everywhere, that look to me as if a circus was around. But never mind. If I were you, though, I'd be ashamed to stay here, and keep on putting people in here and locking them up and treating them shamefully— even when you don't kill them—if I were a soldier."

"Oh, miss, there is n't any of that now—not a bit, bless you! —excuse me blessin' you—and you're quite right. I've said the same to myself many a time. If I had been living and had taken the Queen's shilling then,—I mean enlisted, Miss,—I do believe I would have deserted. A soldier is n't a butcher, and butchers was what was wanted then."

This established pleasanter relations between them, and before parting he gave her a bit of wood from an old beam recently torn out of the White Tower in the course of some repairs that

had been made, saying, "You 'd like that, miss, would n't you? A tale it could tell, and no mistake, if it had a tongue like yours. Excuse me mentionin' it. I give it to you because you 're from the States; and I served out in Canada myself."

"Thank you, awfully," said Nina, and looked, as she felt, highly pleased.

This souvenir, with a flower from the Temple Gardens, "right from the very spot where they began to quarrel like cats and dogs, and had the War of the Roses," as Nina used afterward to explain, became the beginning of a large collection of interesting mementos, and helped to fix in her mind a large amount of "historical information" not called by that official and forbidding title. When they came home, after they had rested and dined Marian would laughingly question Nina as to what she had seen. At first she had been so little trained to observation that she could mention only two or three things that had impressed her, and could give no clear account of those; but it was wonderful to see how her memory improved.

That she might do so, Marian would, "for the fun of it," suggest that she should walk past a shop-window at her usual pace, and then reckon up what she had seen. The list grew and grew, to Nina's delight, until it embraced a truly extraordinary number and variety of objects.

In the same way she soon learned to use her eyes and memory, as they dashed through the streets in a hansom, or walked in the park, and found the greatest amusement in it. Very soon she was even giving detailed descriptions of the people whom she passed in this casual way, the streets and the shops—and capital object-lessons they made. And all this was a great help when it came to seeing the features of the "commercial capital of the world." In intelligent interest, in the power of grasping and retaining the knowledge she acquired, she made most satisfactory progress; and Marian was confirmed in her belief as to Nina's cleverness, and the necessity of filling her empty little head with something better than idle talk or foolish, hurtful gossip. If Nina had been told that this was being "educated" no less than if she had been set to work out problems in algebra,

she would have laughed the idea to scorn. She thought it delightful, while to be "educated" had meant to her long, stupid lessons and close rooms and headache—"chains and slavery."

"It is the nicest thing going about with you," she once said to Marian. "You know all about everything, you 're not a bit poky, and that Dickens's history and the Gilbert à Becket's are not a bit like the histories we studied at our school. And you read such lovely stories about things, and you never get mad with me, and—you 're just splendid!"

Marian had told in her own words the story of "Ivanhoe," and all about Warwick and his followers, "stories" from Shakspere, "stories" about Temple Bar and the traitors' heads that used to be fixed above it, "stories" about the celebrities they saw at the wax-works. She read Nina bits from Ainsworth's "London"; she showed her the pictures in the "Comic History of England"; she repeated Ayton's and Macaulay's lays to her; she picked out bits of Froissart to read aloud; she told her of Sidney, of Chevalier Bayard, of Drake, of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of Sir Thomas More—something interesting at every turn. And Nina took it in with all her eyes as well as ears.

With the National Gallery it was the same thing, and so with the old inns of London, the old churches, Fleet Street, the Strand, Trafalgar Square.

And there was so much honest, merry fun in Marian that, not content with these, she would repeat Thackeray's ballads—"Eliza Davis" and "Three Sailors of Bristol City"—or the "Bab Ballads" and the "Ingoldsby Legends." She was, indeed, far more interested herself in all about her than Nina, keeping a sharp lookout for Dickens's characters, reveling in all that was seen and suggested.

"Oh, there 's Sam Weller!" she would cry out; or "I 'm sure the Dolls' Dressmaker lives in that dark, fusty little shop"; or "Here come Mr. Pickwick and Miss Flite!" And then of course Nina would be all questions, and there would be more stories. There never were three weeks more brimful of all pleasantness.

Only once was Nina a little unruly. It was the day they went down to the Horse Guards.

Fascinated by the mounted sentries, chosen from the Household cavalry, on guard in the stone alcoves of the arched roadway leading to St. James's Park, and apparently as immovable as if also carved out of stone, Nina stared and stared. "Are you sure they are alive?" she said. "If I had a bonnet-pin I'd try it on the calf of that one's leg, and see. *I'd* make him jump!" Here a thought struck her. Groping in her pocket, she took out a metal tape-measure that happened to be there, and with a jerk of the arm sent it right across the sentry's face, so that it just grazed his nose.

"Oh, Cousin Marian! He looked right straight ahead, just the same! He did n't move a single mite! He only winked!" she cried. "What would he do if there should be an earthquake?" whereupon Marian exclaimed, "Nina!" and begged the sentry's pardon for her, and got another wink of forgiveness from the mountain of military trappings set in his niche like the god of war.

As they walked away, Marian told Nina of the Roman soldier who would not leave his post when Pompeii was buried under burning lava, to show her to what perfection discipline could be carried, and what a soldier's idea of duty is. "He could die, but he could n't be unfaithful," she concluded. "Was it not a fine, brave, beautiful thing?"

On the day that they went to the Hospital for Sick Children, it happened that as they entered the chief ward, the first child they saw had propped herself up on her elbow and was looking out of the window trying to peep at the Punch and Judy show in the street below. "I can't see it. It's so far away. And I'm so tired of lying here and being ill; and the dog is like my dog I used to have," she complained, and weeping, fell back on her little pillow.

"Never mind, dearie. As soon as you are well enough you shall go out and see one. There! there! Don't fret," said the nurse, a comely, middle-aged person with a pleasant face and cheerful voice.

"She's had to wear an iron brace for a year past, and she gets restless sometimes, poor child," she explained in a low tone.

"Can she go down?" asked Nina. "I'll take her. I wish I'd brought Beelzebub to show her; he's just about the loveliest fright that anybody ever saw. Goodness! what a lot of little beds! And are all the children in irons, like this one? Why don't you let the poor little thing go down if she wants to? I'd hop right out of that bed and go anyway, if I lived here."

"Oh, no, you would n't. You could n't move; you know we have to keep them quiet," said the nurse.

"Then why don't you have it come up here?" said Nina. "Why, that's it! Poor little things! I'll pay him. I'll run and get him for them right now."

She was about to dart off. The nurse gently detained her.

"It is a capital idea. We never thought of that, and it would be a very great pleasure to them, and it is very kind of you to think of it. Would you allow it?" she asked, looking at Marian.

"Oh, she's got nothing to do with it. It's *my* money, and I've got plenty of it, and I'm going to spend it just as I please," said Nina; then catching sight of Marian's face, she hastily added, "You don't care? You'd like me to do it, would n't you, Cousin Marian?"

"Yes, I should," agreed Marian.

"Very well, then. It is most kind of the young lady, and I'll send down if I can get permission. I'll go and see." She went off.

"I did n't mean a thing when I said that about the money," whispered Nina; "only, everything's 'permission' in England. I never saw such a place."

But in five minutes the smiling nurse was back again, followed by the show and the showman. "This young lady from America kindly wishes you to play for the children," she said to him; but she was scarcely heard for the delighted cries of the children, nearly all of whom rose up in their beds and turned toward the show like so many little sunflowers turning toward the sun, while he dexterously set up his miniature theater, and shook out Judy's skirts, and prepared Punch for his labors.

Seldom at any theater have actors given half so much pleasure to an audience. Some of the

children laughed, shrieked, rolled about on their beds, thumped their pillows, were doubled up with the ecstasy of the entertainment. It was pathetic to see the wan little faces flush, the sunken eyes brighten, to hear the feeble attempts at laughter. And Nina, in the midst of them, enjoyed it, too, immensely, and secretly determined to get up a private "Punch and Judy" of her own, with Beelzebub cast as "Toby." When it was all over, the good-natured proprietor of the puppets laid them away in their boxes, and then took the trouble to make his Toby show off some of his tricks, such as jumping through a ring, picking the knave of diamonds out of a pack of cards, and waltzing in a giddy, sprawling fashion that was very comical. He would take no money for this, saying, "So the poor young uns be pleased, it's all I wants; and pleased they be, ma'am."

Nina made the rounds of the ward, and heard the names of the children and something of their histories. She promised to see them again, and was delighted when one of them cried out, "Come again soon, won't you?" and so took her leave.

"That was delightful, dear, was n't it?" said Marian. "I am so glad you thought of it. Is n't it a joyful thing to have given all that pleasure? It was money well spent, dear; and you will be the richer and happier for what you spend in such ways, all your life long."

Both in the doing and the remembering, this experience was the nicest of all the London adventures, although Nina greatly enjoyed the "Zoo," the Crystal Palace, the flowers at the Royal Botanic and Horticultural gardens, and the charming jaunts to Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor, that Marian proposed. Nina had never been so good, so busy, so happy, in all her life. She was as brisk as a swallow, and chattered like a magpie, and quite forgot to be troublesome, wilful, or naughty, for the time being.

"I really do think we have seen everything, — a little of it, anyway,— except Jobson's mother. I did want to see Jobson's mother. She lives on some sort of green or common. I have forgotten the name of it."

England had long before they landed been "the home of Jobson's mother" to Nina.

The very first day that Mrs. Andrews could get out, though, they went shopping, and the original Nina cropped out again. She kept her Grandy standing for a full hour while she chose no less than six dresses, and gave her own orders about them to an astonished young "person," in one of the great shops. Mrs. Andrews tried to order a mantle for herself, while Nina was buying other things; but Nina came up, joined in the conversation, advised, ridiculed her taste, informed her that *she* could settle it all in five minutes, and said to the saleswoman as they were leaving, "And you hurry up as fast as ever you can with *my* things. Send them first." And with small ceremony she hustled out of the shop and into her cab.

"I have n't a suitable dinner-gown to wear at Aubrey Court; and I really need my mantle at once," complained Mrs. Andrews peevishly to Marian. "But Nina has so much to be done that I 'll have to wait for weeks, I suppose, for either."

"I don't see that at all, cousin," said Marian; and going to her room, she wrote a note politely requesting the dressmaker to send Mrs. Andrews's gown and cloak down to the country as soon as possible, and to finish Nina's at her convenience afterward. But after some reflection she tore up this note.

"I will see what responsibility will do toward steadyng her and making her unselfish. She shall write it herself; that is the best way," said Marian.

Then she called Nina.

"Just sit down, dear, and send a line to Wyman & Freebody asking them to send Mrs. Andrews's things at once," she said to Nina. "You would n't like her to be inconvenienced, I know; and you don't need your things as much. And if you did, you would willingly wait for them, of course, rather than that *she* should."

Nina, much surprised, looked at Marian sharply. Marian went on calmly: "If you try, dear, you can save your grandmother much trouble about such matters—make suggestions, carry out her wishes nicely, and see that she has just what she needs and likes, without her being put to any trouble. You are going to take excellent care of her, I know, when you

are grown, and make her the happiest old lady in New York."

Nina flushed, went and got her portfolio, and seating herself, rapidly wrote a highly imperative note, very eccentric as to spelling and doubtful as to tenses, but unmistakably ordering all possible haste and industry to be made with Mrs. Andrews's gown and mantle. She showed it to Marian, and sent Claudine out to put it in the nearest pillar-post at once. She found this feeling of responsibility so pleasant, indeed, that she proceeded to exercise it still further that afternoon. After luncheon she was dressing her pug up in various garments that she had made for him, to her own and Claudine's great amusement, when he suddenly fell down as she was tying a bonnet rather tightly under his chin, and rolled over in a kind of fit, the result of over-feeding. Marian, as it happened, was out.

"Oh! he's going to have another! I'm going to send for Sir Wilkinson right away," cried Nina. "He shall come and give my darling Beelzebub something to cure him. Here, Claudine, run and bring my portfolio."

Nina selected a sheet, and in very round text wrote this note:

SIR WILKINSON: Please come the minute you get this. He's dying.
Your friend,
NINA G. BARROW.

P. S. Don't wait for anything, but jump right in your cab and come.
NINA G. BARROW.

P. S. Bring something for fits.
NINA G. BARROW,
NEW YORK,
UNITED STATES.

She was much pleased with this missive when she read it over. She addressed it to "Mr. Sir Wilkinson Jebb, in Harley Street, London, England," and sent it by a messenger who had previously carried notes to the house.

Sir Wilkinson was in, as it happened, scruti-

nized the address of the note, read it hurriedly, could not quite make it out, but concluded that Mrs. Andrews was dying, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! What *can* have made that old lady go off like that? She seemed all right enough. This poor child is evidently left alone with her, and frightened to death."

So he gave up his luncheon, and getting into his carriage, bade the coachman drive to the hotel as quickly as possible. When he arrived at Mrs. Andrews's rooms, puffing and breathless from making the ascent of a long flight of steps, he was met at the door by Nina.

"Where is she? How is she? I got your note, my poor child, and came at once," he said, looking around, surprised not to see Mrs. Andrews. She was in Marian's room and, of



"SIR WILKINSON COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS SENSES."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

course, knew nothing of what thoughtless Nina had done.

"Did you bring anything for fits?" asked Nina briskly, not at all surprised to see the Doctor, and not dreaming of thanking him for what she considered a matter of course.

"Yes, I have something here, and my lancet;

and my assistant is with me. Where is she? There is no time to be lost."

"She? He's had two of the awfulest fits you ever saw, Sir Wilkinson; but he's better now, and I guess you can cure him up all right," replied Nina.

"Him?" repeated Sir Wilkinson, utterly at sea. "Of whom are you talking—your grandmother—your governess—the maid?"

"Goodness, no! Grandy's all right, and Cousin Marian's gone out walking, and Claudine's fluting her caps, I guess. It's Beelzebub that's sick. Here he is on the sofa. He's gone to sleep, now, dear little thing! But you just ought to have seen him. He would have scared you well!—his eyes all rolling, and kind of shivering all over, don't you know, and his legs jerking like anything. Poor, darling, blessed, little mite of a thing!" explained Nina, turning down the corner of her grandmother's sealskin cloak, in which she had wrapped the interesting sufferer. "Here he is."

Sir Wilkinson stared. Sir Wilkinson glared. Sir Wilkinson could not believe his senses; he was struck speechless by the unparalleled audacity of the act; he turned positively purple.

"And do you mean to say that you have dared—that you have *presumed*—that you have had the consummate *impudence* to send for me to prescribe for your *pug*?"

The violence of his emotion was so great, the capacity of his sonorous lungs so unusual, that "pug" did not seem a word at all, but sounded like a rocket exploding hissing in mid-air. Sir Wilkinson was never nearer having a fit himself; and, aware of the fact, he became his own patient, hastily loosening his cravat a little, and dashing up the window with a bang that shook the room, and brought Mrs. Andrews in, trembling with nervousness.

"Yes, I did," said Nina, who was no coward, to begin with, and did not consider herself in the least at fault. "Of course I did. I was not going to let my darling doggie die, for you or anybody! And if you're sorry you came, you can just go away again. Ain't you paid for coming? What are you making such a fuss about?"

"A *pug*! A *pug*! I called in to a *pug*!" shouted Sir Wilkinson, striding furiously up and down the room. "It is the most *impudent*—the most *preposterous*—the most *outrageous* proceeding that was ever heard of! Did you know of this, madam?" wheeling and facing Mrs. Andrews, who was petrified with amazement. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on: "Very well, madam; I have the honor to wish you and your charming granddaughter a *very* good morning. It may be customary in the States for respectable physicians to attend *pugs*; but it is not the case in *England*, allow me to inform you." And with a truly awful mien, Sir Wilkinson took his departure, stumbling over his assistant at the door, hastening down-stairs, and flinging himself into his brougham.

Next morning's post brought Sir Wilkinson's bill. It was enormous, even for him.

"Look at it, Marian!" Mrs. Andrews cried out. "And there is no knowing what our hotel bill will be! We must go to-morrow."

Go they did. Nina, cheerful and utterly unconcerned to the last, laughed outright when she saw the long line of affectionately attentive candidates for "tips" assembled in the hall to bid them farewell.

"Is this *all* the family? Where are the others?" she asked mockingly of them, and gave nobody anything, nor so much as wished them "good-by" as she ran past.

(To be continued.)

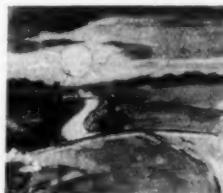


THE KING'S HIGH WAY.

—
BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.



THE morning was bright when the country clown
Thus spake to a courtier just leaving the town:
" My lord, you enjoy the King's highway,
It is pleasant and easy and fair—"
But the courtier broke out, " That is easy to say,
But, young man, you are quite wrong there.
For when one has been told, without rhyme or reason,
He must do this or that — to refuse is high treason.
When one must never a question raise—
But sugar his tongue with words of praise,
Though snubbed, neglected, scorned, or scolded,
While all his will to another's is molded;
And if, after this, he gets the sack,
Is told to leave and never come back,
He knows how I 've been treated to-day.
Oh, I 've had quite enough of the King's high way."





BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

AND one morning Robbie's father stood by Robbie's bed, and Robbie was sleeping, and sleeping, and sleeping.



LITTLE BOOBOO IN THE LITTLE LAKE.

"Boo — boo!" said Robbie's father. Robbie opened his eyes and sat up.

"Boo — boo!" he answered sleepily.

"Boo — boo!" said his father again, and jumped at him.

"Boo — boo!" answered Robbie, but now his eyes were wide open.

Then the big Booboo took the little Booboo up in his arms and carried him down to the garden — for they lived much of the time in summer in the garden, and only slept in the house.

And the garden was full of roses, and daisies, and pinks, and many, many flowers besides.

In the shade of a great big tree was a tiny little lake. And what do you think? The little Booboo took off his nightgown and waded out into the lake!

He had his bath in the little lake in the garden — not in a bath-tub at all, but in the little lake in the garden!

The water came up, up, up to his chin, but he was n't a bit afraid.

"I'm a fish! I'm a fish!" he shouted and down he splashed and swam like a fish.

He was only four years old — the little Booboo, but he could certainly, certainly do a great many things for his age. He could swim as well as his father.

And the big Booboo sat on a rock and watched him.

He often swam in the lake himself, and knew what fun it was.

And little maid Annie came down the walk and told them that breakfast was ready.

So out of the water Robbie came, and soon had his legs in his trousers.

For the little Booboo wore trousers too, and a coat, and a pair of suspenders — just like his father's!

And then they went over to breakfast, on the other side of the garden,—they always ate in the garden.

But before they sat down to the table the big Booboo stood on his head! On the smooth green lawn he stood on his head! It was a way he had, when he was glad, of surprising the little Booboo.

The table was set where the roses grew all over a shady arbor.

And little maid Annie brought out the cakes, and the toast, and the chocolate too.

Then when big Booboo was seated at the table, and little Booboo was seated at the table, big Booboo in a big chair, and little Booboo in a little chair, Mama, all dressed in blue and white, jumped out into sight from behind a bush, and said:

"Boo — boo! Who knew? — Not you. I've been all the time in the garden. I saw you taking your bath!"

And the big Booboo laughed, "Ha! ha!"

And the little Booboo laughed, "He! he! Did you see me?"



"BOO — BOO! WHO KNEW? — NOT YOU!"

And so the day began — a happy, happy day.

For the big Booboo and the little Booboo always were thinking of things to do, and having the best of times.

JEMIMA.

BY HARRIET CLARK MCLEAR.



SHE stands up straight before me,
With her prim old-fashioned air,
With her ancient dress and buckled shoes,
And quaint, cold, wooden stare.
The little modern maidens
Think her "queer" and "old" and "slow,"
But most dear was she to one fond heart,
Just ninety years ago.

Time has not dimmed the brightness
Of her black, well-painted eyes,
Nor stolen the roses from her cheeks;
But looks of grim surprise
Replace the loving glances
Which she must have given, we know,
When she saw her little mother's face,
Just ninety years ago.

Her arms are made of linen,
But the rest is all of wood;
And she stands up very stiff and straight,
As well-bred ladies should.
She likes to stand up always,
For she thinks it best to show
To the ill-bred modern dolls the ways
Of ninety years ago.

No hair has she had ever,
So she quite despises curls,
And she thinks them fit for giddy pates
Of frivolous doll-girls.
She thinks hair is not needed;
For she says 't was never so
In the good old days when she was young,
Just ninety years ago.

She wears three caps as always
Made, the innermost, of lace,
And the outermost with ruffles wide,
Which come about her face.
The middle one of cambric;
They were all once white as snow,
But have browned with age since they were made
Just ninety years ago.



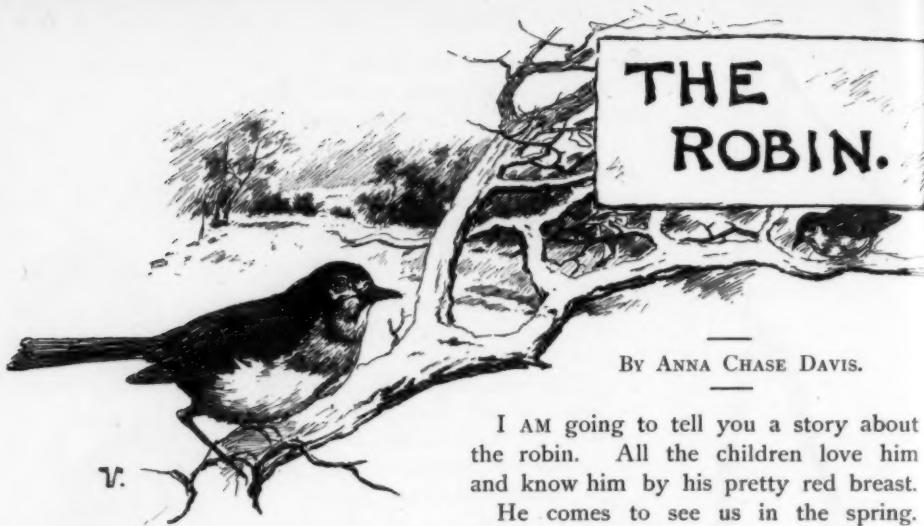
Her dress was fine and dainty,
Of a blue and white, 't would seem,
But the blue is now a faded plum,
The white is like rich cream.
The skirt her ankles reaches,
And the neck is rather low;
But 't was in the height of style, when new,
Just ninety years ago.

Her little hose were snow-white,
And were tied with ribbons blue,
And she has small silken slippers,
Which were bright pink when new.
She wears her red shoes, always,
With the silver buckles, though
She has lost one buckle—careless she,
Just ninety years ago.

She always wears a necklace
Of small beads of shining green.
Her little mother strung those beads
With loving thoughts between.
You plainly see that they are glass;
But you must not tell her so,
For they played that they were emeralds, once,
Just ninety years ago.

Her rosy cheeks are wrinkled,
There are cracks across her brow,
And her quaint old dress is thin and worn;
She is never played with now.
She dreams of days when no one
Thought her "queer," or "old," or "slow,"
And she longs to be once more beloved
As ninety years ago.





V.

By ANNA CHASE DAVIS.

I AM going to tell you a story about the robin. All the children love him and know him by his pretty red breast.

He comes to see us in the spring. We are glad to hear his sweet song.

We are sure then that the warm days are near.
His little mate and he choose a place for their home.
Then they build their nest.
Do they build in a high tree or a low bush?
Watch them and you will see.
It is such hard work for them.
See how busy they are.

They have to carry everything in their beaks and claws.
Would you like to help them?
I will tell you how you can do it.
Cut some pieces of string about six inches long.
Measure six inches and you will see how long that is.
Scatter the pieces of string on the grass.
Now watch the robins.

They will soon find the string.
They like it to put in their nest.
If you find an old nest some day, you will see some bits of string in it.
See how well it is made.

Could you make one like it?
Who teaches the birds to build their nests?
The robin's nest is lined with mud. To make it smooth and round, the mother-bird gets into the nest. Then she turns round and round. She uses her breast for this. Now the nest is finished.

What does the mother-bird do next?
She lays her eggs in the nest.
What color are they?
How many are there?

Does the mother-bird leave the eggs? No; she sits on them to keep them warm. She flies off for food. She stays only a short time.



V

WATCHING THE ROBINS.

Soon the feathers grow longer and thicker. Now they are strong enough to fly.

They stand on the edge of the nest. They are *so* afraid!

The father and mother fly about them. They chirp and call to them.

I suppose they tell the little ones not to be afraid.

Soon they will fly away.

Robins are of the kind of birds called "perchers."

See how many toes they have. How many in front? how many behind? Their feet are made to hop from twig to twig. They perch on the branches. Their claws are long so that they can clasp the branch. What color are the robins? Are the mother-bird and father-bird the same color? Watch them and see.

Soon little baby-birds will come out of those eggs. If the eggs should get cold the baby-birds would die.

The father-bird comes and sings to the mother-bird. She is very patient. Day after day she sits there.

In about two weeks she hears a little pecking sound. The baby-birds are knocking to come out. Soon the shells crack and the birds are in the nest.

How glad the old birds are! They are busy now getting food for their babies. See how they get the worms for their breakfast.

The young birds grow stronger every day. They are not pretty when they are little.



FINDING THE BITS OF STRING.



TWO NEW MEMORY-RHYMES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

BESIDES the ever-useful "Thirty days hath September," there are several less known rhymes that are often in the minds of certain classes of men. There are the sailors' rules of the road, of which the best known version is:

Both side lights you see ahead,
Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green and red to red,
Perfect safety. Go ahead.
If on your starboard red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear,
To act with judgment, think it proper
To port or starboard, back, or stop her.
Both in safety, but in doubt,
Always keep a good lookout.
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her, turn her, go astern.

And the rider's rule:

Keep up your head and your heart;
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Press your knees close to your horse's sides
And your elbows close to your own.

And the driver's (in England):

The law of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along;
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you are wrong.

And the schoolboy's Latin one about prepositions governing the ablative:

A, ab, abs, absque, de,
Coram, palam, cum, ex, e,
Sine, tenus, pro, and pra.

Brewer, in his "Reader's Handbook," gives a rhyme he composed for remembering the "Seven Wise Men of Greece":

First *Solon*, who made the Athenian laws;
While *Chilo*, in Sparta, was famed for his saws;
In Miletos did *Thales* astronomy teach;
Bias used in Priene his morals to preach;

Cleobulus, of Lindos, was handsome and wise;
Mitylene 'gainst thralldom saw *Pittacos* rise;
Periander is said to have gained through his court
The title that *Myson*, the Chenian, ought.

And this for the "Seven Wonders":

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;
Next, Babylon's garden for Amytis made;
Then Mausolos's tomb of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the Temple of Dian, in Ephesus built;
The colossos of Rhodes cast in brass to the sun;
Sixth, Jupiter's statue by Phidias done;
The pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old,
Or palace of Cyrus cemented with gold.

In learning history a number of rhymes have been used; but only one is fairly well known. That is the one about the kings and queens of England:

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next Henry Third, Edwards One, Two, and Three;
Again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Next Jamie the Scot; then Charles, whom they slew,
Then Oliver Cromwell, another Charles, too;
Then James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary, and William alone;
Then Anne, Georges four, fourth William, all passed—
God sent then Victoria—may she long be the last!

Now, this is a good rhyme in certain respects; but it is open to several objections. First, it is confusing to the memory, as there is nothing to lead from one line to another excepting the rhymes. Second, in order to get the full titles of many of the sovereigns one must count their order—as in the cases of the "two Edwards" and "two Henrys." Third, there is no suggestion of the different royal "houses"—a matter often very important.

Now, here is a new one, only two lines longer, in which I have tried to remedy these defects:

After Williams First and Second, Henry and Stephen must be reckoned.
 These Normans four, do not forget, bring in eight Plantagenet:
 Henry Second, Richard, John, with Henry Third leading on
 To the Edwards, One, Two, Three, and Richard Second—eight, you see.
 After come the three Lancaster, then three York kings each is master:
 Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, the Henrys came; Fourth and Fifth of Edward's name;
 Richard Third, at Bosworth slain, makes way for the Tudors' reign:
 Henry Seven, Henry Eight, Sixth Edward, Mary, "Bess" the Great.
 Stuarts follow Good Queen Bess—James and Charles; then war's distress
 Makes Oliver Cromwell England's Lord till Charles the Second is restored;
 But James the Second soon gave way to William Third and Mary's sway.
 She died; he reigned till came Queen Anne; next the Brunswick House began:
 Georges, One, Two, Three, and Four; then William Fourth; yet none of yore
 So long as Queen Victoria reigned, and none has truer glory gained.

I have found these lines easy to learn, and, more important still in a memory-rhyme, easy to recall when not *quite* committed to memory.

The first line gives all the Norman kings; the third and fourth lines give the Plantagenet kings, and end with a *Richard*. Lines five and six give in two even divisions the three Lancastrian and the three Yorkist kings, and also lead up to a *Richard*. He suggests Bosworth, and this leads to "slain" and "Tudors' reign." The Tudors just fill one line; and the peculiar use of "Bess" suggests the beginning of the Stuart lines, which (except for Cromwell, who is recalled by "war's distress" rhyming to "Bess") continue till the rhyme for Anne foretells the Brunswick house "began." The concluding lines record the new fact that this year Victoria attained the longest reign.

It is impossible to foretell the fate of a memory-rhyme. Only experience can determine whether it will serve a useful purpose; but I hope this one will be an aid in disentangling the skein of Henrys, Edwards, and Williams who have reigned in England.

There have been some attempts to make a memory-rhyme of the Presidents, but none has reached a wide circulation. Here is my attempt to make a short bit of verse which, while it is not absolute nonsense, is mainly intended to give the initials of the Presidents' surnames in their order. Hence all the initials are capitals:

We Are Just Men, Men All Judged Vast.
 Held True, Praised Too; Few Put Brains Last.
 Judged Great, Held Good; All Chiefs High Classed.

It is easier to pick flaws in this than to remedy them in the same space. It is enough to say that the lines are very easy to remember, and that they enable one to name the Presidents without much difficulty.

For convenience of comparison, here is the list of names:

First line: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren. Second line: Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln. Third line: Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland.

As for Mr. McKinley, he can be added without difficulty by the youngest. There are eight presidents in each line—so Lincoln was the sixteenth. The two T's in the second line may be confusing, but if you will remember that Harrison was called "Tippecanoe," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" is a rhyme that will put Tyler after Harrison, and Taylor after Polk.

Another and final rhyme which has long served young whist players, but is now made useless by the many new leads, is that which is given by Pole, beginning:

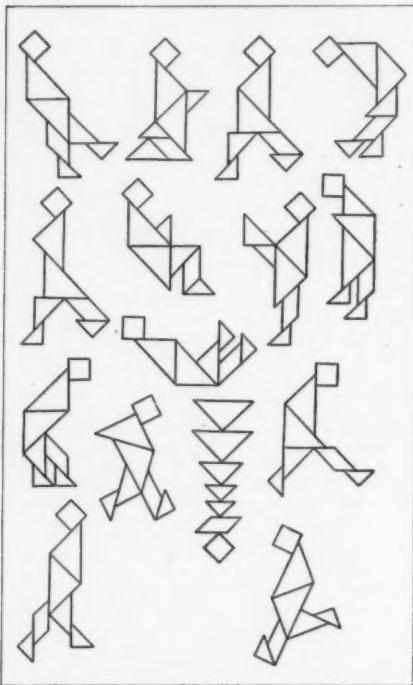
If you the modern game of Whist would know
 From this great principle its precepts flow.
 Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
 And play not one alone but both combined.

And so on; but my attempts to recall the lines meant to regulate the leads during whist-playing have usually been futile, for fear of keeping the others waiting.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR readers will be interested by the clever ballad, "Triangular Tommy," written by Miss Carolyn Wells, and its amusing illustrations. We print upon a smaller scale, but in correct proportion, diagrams showing how the pictures are to be made — each, it will be noticed, contains all the pieces. The diagrams are not in regular order, but all the figures are shown. In the illustration where "Tommy" and "Teddy" are sitting down to rest, one figure is merely a reversal of the other:



IN the "Letter-Box" of the *St. NICHOLAS* for February, we published a letter from Mr. W. H. Nearpass concerning the old Revolutionary soldier Jabez Rockwell. Mr. C. F. Rockwell, of Honesdale, Pa., a grandson of Jabez Rockwell, writes to us to correct an error of date and of name in Mr. Nearpass's letter, and we gladly make the correction. The date of Lafayette's last visit to this country should have been printed 1824, and not 1829; and the name of one of the three old soldiers who walked with Jabez Rockwell from Milford, Pa., to New York to see Lafayette, should have been Samuel Whithead, instead of Samuel Whittaker.

Mr. Rockwell adds, as an additional item of interest,

that "the Rockwell family is the only one in which there are three living children of a Revolutionary soldier." These are the daughters of Jabez Rockwell: Mrs. Phoebe Gainford, of Ellenville, N. Y., aged ninety-one, and Mrs. Catherine Bowden and Mrs. Lucinda Valentine, of Stroudsburg, Pa., both over eighty years of age.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Ilissos river, generally but a little rippling brook, became swollen a few days ago, by one of the hardest rains Greece has seen, into a rushing torrent, and carried away about one hundred houses and damaged many more. Rumor put the number of dead as high as one hundred and fifty; but the probable number is about fifty.

The day after the rain my father and I went down to the Piraeus, which is the seaport of Athens. We went through on the first train that had been able to make the trip between Athens and the Piraeus for forty-eight hours; but we did not know that fact until we had already arrived in the Piraeus.

After the rain the whole plain between Athens and the Piraeus was like an inland sea, and when we went down on the train it had somewhat that aspect still. One house, scarcely a month old, was all in ruins, and the new woodwork was strewn about. We saw a hat and numerous mattresses in tree-tops, floated there while the flood was high, and left high and dry when the flood had receded.

In one house some people woke up in the night to find the floor all under water, and when they tried to get out of the house they could not, because the doors were swollen. They had to stay in water up to their necks until they were rescued, four hours later. Your interested reader,

GARDNER A. RICHARDSON.

WOODSBURG, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my trip to the West Indies. My doctor and a lawyer were going, and mama let me go with them. I was away two weeks, and was not homesick once. I am nearly ten years old, and it was the first time I was away from home without mama, and she thought I would be; but there were so many new things to see I did not have time to get homesick. We sailed from Boston November 10, with fine weather. After we had passed Cape Cod Light we had to stop an hour to fix the boiler. The next two days we had what the captain called fresh breezes and head seas; and the doctor was very seasick, the rest of us feeling bad.

We saw Sam Salvador Lighthouse Saturday night, the 14th, but the first land I saw was on Sunday morning. It seemed all hills. Then some of the Bahama Islands. My log-book reads: "Nov. 15. One Island. Two hills. One lighthouse."

We next passed around the long coast of Cuba, which seems very hilly in places. Arrived at Port Antonio at 7 A. M. We landed, and took a long ride. Sailed at noon, and arrived at Port Morant at 4 P. M., where we took in bananas and oranges. Then we sailed to Morant Bay, where we took in more bananas and oranges and also some cocoanuts. The crew worked all night.

We sailed for Kingston at 5 A. M., and arrived there at 8:30 A. M. We went for a long ride in the morning, and in the afternoon we went to Mr. Miles' house. There are multitudes of colored people in the West Indies,—

it seemed to me a hundred to one white. At 5 p. m. we started for Port Morant again, and then home. I saw a great many flying-fishes and also some porpoises. I liked the captain, who told me a great many stories, although I don't know whether he was in earnest in all of them or not. I know I did not see all the animals and things he said he had seen.

We brought home some cocoanuts just as they grow in the West Indies and also a young cocoanut-tree, which mama has in the dining-room. The bananas down there are very sweet; and the trees and flowers were lovely. I should like to go again.

HOWARD T. HEWLETT.

HERE is a very clever rhyme by a little girl nine years old, who also drew the picture that illustrates it:



"IF ONLY—"

"OH, dear! oh, dear!" said little Jim,
"It always is this way!
If only that old wind would blow,
I'd sail my kite to-day!"

PAULINE JENKS.

GODERICH, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little Canadians, and we thought we would like to write to tell you that we think you are the loveliest magazine that is published.

From the 20th to the 25th of the month we make repeated visits to see if you have come; and if you are not here, you should see the faces we make.

There are two old cannons here with the date 1803 on them. They were brought here after the Crimean War,—1855. They are all banged and battered, and in the center of each is carved a crown and the monogram V R—at least, that is what we think it is. On all the bolts is a funny little mark like this, . We should like very much to know what that means.

The place we live in used to be an Indian settlement, and was called Menesetung. Once some arrow-heads were dug up on a farm near here. We wish we could have seen them.

From your loving Canadian friends,

MABEL and CLAIRE.

The mark stamped on the bolts is no doubt the "broad arrow," the sign of British Government stores. It was originally, says The Century Dictionary, the cognizance of Henry, Viscount Sidney, Earl of Romney, who was Master-General of Ordnance from 1693 to 1702.

We print with pleasure this little fairy story by a young contributor:

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE was a feud between the Sun and the Fairies. What it was all about I don't quite know, and I don't believe the Sun or the Fairies quite knew either. But there was a feud, I say, between them, and they did not forget it.

The Sun had decreed that if any of the fairies were seen by day, they should instantly become mortals. And this to a fairy seemed very terrible. Now the Moon was the fairies' friend and she issued a similar proclamation, saying that if any of the sunbeams were seen by night, *they* should become mortals. So the fairies kept their revels by moonlight; and, as the first tints of coming dawn touched the sky, scampered away to hide in some secret dell till night should come.

The birthday of the Queen of the Fairies was always celebrated with a great deal of splendor; it was kept for a week, and the Moon always shone her brightest on this occasion. The people on earth called it a Harvest Moon; but the fairies knew that all its brightness was for their Queen.

But it is the happenings of a certain birthday which I am going to tell you about.

When the Sun gave up his reign, on this day, he descended as a great ball of fire; for he had no other way to show his anger.

The fairies had chosen a beautiful place for their revels. It was in the heart of the forest; close by ran a tiny brooklet, which the moonlight changed to silver. A large mushroom, covered with a cloth of silver, formed the throne. Soon the guests began to arrive: fairy princes from the neighboring kingdoms, princesses, and their attendants. Then came the Moon's messengers, all with some gift for Queen Marguerite.

Last of all came the fairy Queen. In the far distance were heard sounds as of the tinkling of silver bells. Nearer and nearer it came; soon the sound of singing was carried to the assembled guests by the summer breeze; and next the Queen's attendants appeared, dancing and swinging their stalks of bluebells as they came; then the Queen, in her chariot of silver drawn by two enormous fireflies. The Queen was dressed in a gown of pure white, embroidered with diamonds. Her favorite attendant, Amaryllis, sat beside her, dressed in a gown of pink gauze, caught on the shoulder with a single star, silver, like every other ornament among the fairies, since gold, the Sun's color, was forbidden. After the Queen had alighted she was escorted to her throne, where she was presented with the gifts, which were many and beautiful. Then the merrymaking began, with dances, games, and songs, and, in fact, everything that could be devised to amuse Queen Marguerite.

When the revelers grew tired, they were served with sherbets and cakes, which were passed around in cups and saucers made of acorns. By and by the Queen herself grew tired; and then the guests departed, each accepting an invitation for the following evening. Marguerite then dismissed her attendants, excepting Amaryllis.

"Is your Highness very tired?" she questioned.

"Yes," answered the Queen.

"Perhaps," said Amaryllis, "you could sleep if I had your hammock swung here."

"If the dawn is not too near, I will," said the Queen, looking toward the sky.

The Queen struck her wand on the ground, and soon appeared a troop of spiders, who set busily to work to weave a hammock of silver threads. It was soon completed, and the Queen sank wearily into it.

Amaryllis sat near, singing:

"Softly the shades of night
Fold round my Queen.
May she by mortal eyes
Never be seen.
Lest it should injure her
Let none draw nigh;
Friends of the forest,
Join in her lullaby."

Finishing, she rose, and, making sure that the Queen was fast asleep, she took the wand from the fingers that loosely clasped it, and slipped noiselessly away. Turning once, she said, looking on the sleeping Queen: "Sleep well, my lady, for you shall not wake till the first streak of dawn, and then, without your wand, you are powerless. To-morrow night I shall be queen!" and laughing heartlessly, she ran away.

The Queen slept on, unmindful that the Moon had sunk behind the hill, unmindful of the feathered songsters who gathered about her, trying in vain to wake her before the Sun should rise.

Soon the Sun's great gold chariot was seen ascending the sky. Very soon he discovered the poor little Queen, who was queen no longer, and choosing the swiftest of his sunbeams, sent him to wake her. As the little sunbeam crept over Marguerite's forehead, she slowly opened her eyes; unused to the glare and brightness, she started up, calling to the faithless Amaryllis. She soon saw what had happened, and cried to the Sun for mercy; but he only laughed, and drove his gold chariot higher in the sky. She looked at her dress; the diamonds changed to dewdrops, quickly melted before the Sun's fierce gaze, and the rich material of her dress had become the commonest of cotton stuff. Stooping toward the brook, she saw with joy that her face remained unchanged, and that she was as beautiful as ever. She sank down on the mossy bank. "What shall I do?" she murmured.

"Follow my course," said the babbling brook.
"Follow me on from nook to nook,
Until the Moon rises o'er yonder hill.
Then, little Queen, make known your will."

Marguerite started up joyfully, and followed the brook's course, as bidden, till, growing hungry, she stooped toward the brook, and said, "Little brook, I am hungry; what shall I eat?"

"In the thicket hard by,
Some berries you 'll spy;
Those you may eat
For they are very sweet,"

responded the brook. After Marguerite had eaten the berries, she fell asleep; and when she awoke, it was to find the kindly face of the Moon peeping at her through the trees. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. The adventures of the day seemed like some terrible dream; but, no, it was true. She still wore the cotton dress, and was still unattended.

"Friend Moon," she said, "tell me what shall I do? Amaryllis has stolen my wand, and you know that whoever possesses that wand has all power, even to make my most faithful attendants forget me. I wish to regain my kingdom, but how shall I do it?"

The Moon looked at her thoughtfully for a few minutes, then answered: "To-night will be only the second of the celebration of your birthday. Do not attempt to return to-night, but sleep here, and I will guard you. To-morrow, follow the course of the brook back the way you came; but take care no one sees you. When you reach the place where the revels are to be held, hide till night. Then, when the revelry is at its height, come forward. Amaryllis will not recognize you, but, thinking you are some peasant girl who has lost her way, will ask if you can sing. Answer, 'Yes'; and after you have finished she will be so pleased that she will promise to grant you any favor you may ask. Ask her to let you hold, for a second only, the silver wand which she has in her hand. She will be frightened; but, as a fairy never breaks a promise, she will give it to you, little thinking that you know how to use it. As soon as you have it, wish yourself Queen again. You may then punish Amaryllis as you think wise. Now good night, and good luck to you, Marguerite!" and, smiling kindly, the Moon sank out of sight.

Marguerite did as the Moon advised. The next day she found her way back to the fairies' appointed place. No one saw her, and, creeping into the thicket near by, she hid herself till nightfall, when all happened as the Moon had predicted. Amaryllis asked Marguerite to sing, promising to grant any reward she would ask; and as Marguerite finished, she made her request. Amaryllis was at first very much frightened, but one of her attendants whispered that a poor peasant girl could not possibly know what the wand was, since she called it simply a rod. Then Amaryllis, laughing, gave her the wand, asking what good it would do her to hold it.

Marguerite soon showed not only Amaryllis, but all the assembled guests, why she wished the wand; and as soon as the other fairies saw and realized the disloyalty of Amaryllis, no punishment seemed enough for her. Some wished her banished, and others—but it would take too long to tell all the punishments they wished to inflict on poor Amaryllis, who knelt at the Queen's feet, beseeching her forgiveness. The Queen quite forgave Amaryllis, and after this the reveling went on as before. As the Queen had forgiven her, the other fairies, at the request of the Queen, also forgave her. And every night for the rest of the week the Moon's jovial face lit up the evening parties.

Next day the Sun did not appear at all, but hid his sulking face behind the clouds. And the people on earth said: "We are going to have rain."

ELSIE C. H. DE FESTETICS.

We have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Jack Miller, John Alden Hall, Adele R. Hager, Eleanor E. Butler, Frank D. T., Edward Taylor, Harriet Meng and Mildred Clune, Gladys Childers, Philip Burt Fisher, Robert P. Lawrence, Clarence Barfoot, Yvonne Emma Shepard, Emma Sweet Danoe, Edwin Clark, Lillian N. Morris, Mar, Wormser, W. P. S., Paul Nathaniel Pittenger, Eleanor Whidden, Kathleen Grey, Ethel Fisher, Catherine E. Victory, Edward Bell, Sydney Eadie, Robert Mills, E. Davies, Helen Jewell, Imogen Clark, Lily Page, Cecy Hall, Bertie B. Regester, B. C. Hall, M. Coleman, Frank J. Lange, Alice Louise Hope, Edith Knowles, Helen McCurdy, Fannie M. O'Brien, Katharine Keeler, Margery W., Mary F. Crosby, Mary Isabel Brooks, Harriet Ainley, Maude E. Wallace, Antoinette H., Edith Rose Moore, Clark Hulings, Lucille Rosenberg, Chester Sumner, Charles S. Baxter, Mary S. Aylett, Laurence E., Louise Reid, Josephine L. M. Hungerford, Eric M. N., Harry Sargeant, Louise Rice, Madeline S. French, Constance Stowell, Mildred H. and Evelyn S., Gertrude Hicks, Ethel D.

RIDDLE

THE

BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. Rites. 2. Inert. 3. Tenor. 4. Erode. 5. Stew. —CHARADE. Trip-li-cate.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Keats. 1. Clock. 2. Bugle. 3. Llama. 4. Cleat. 5. Mavis.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Sail. 2. Acre. 3. Iris. 4. Lest. II. 1. Isle. 2. Stay. 3. Late. 4. Eyed. III. 1. Tear. 2. Edge. 3. Ages. 4. Rest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

GEOGRAPHICAL FINAL ACROSTIC. Seine. 1. Paris. 2. Rhine. 3. Delhi. 4. Oregon. 5. France.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Cloth. 2. Levee. 3. Ovens. 4. Tems. 5. Hesse. II. 1. Ducat. 2. Ukase. 3. Cabin. 4. Aside. 5. Teneb. III. 1. Eclat. 2. Chide. 3. Linen. 4. Adept. 5. Tems. IV. 1. Treat. 2. Ranch. 3. Ennul. 4. Acute. 5. Thief. V. 1. Sinew. 2. Inane. 3. Nasal. 4. Enact. 5. Welts.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from L. O. E.—M. McG.—"Jersey Quartette."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Helen W. Smith, 1—F. Jock, 1—John C. Dallas, 1—Charles Smith, 1—“Aisie,” 1—Ruth Metal, 1—Paul Reese, 5—Jean H. Frewamith and Aline L. Peters, 2—August Blochley, 1—G. B. B., 1—Willie Kierman, 4—Louise Ruggles, 1—Jean M. Valdez, 1—Josie Valdez, 1—Mildred H. Schrenkelsien, 2—Mary K. Rake, 3—Maude Gladwin, 2—“Her Yci Revit,” 3—Frederic G. Foster, 2—Ethel M. Farrell, 1—No name, Savannah, 3—Dick Rice, 1—“The H. Twins,” 1—“Qui Legit Regit,” 3—Marjorie S., 1—Katie Richardson, 1—Robert Parker, 6—“Honor Bright,” 1—No name, Canton, Pa., 3—“Puzzled Puzzler,” 4—“The Trio,” 7—Nathan Newmark, 2—Robert and Sarah, 4—Ada M. Burt, 8—E. T. W., 2—Alli and Adi, 13—Lee Underhill, 9—Emily R. Henderson, 4—Emily Solis Cohen, 11—Stephen and his friends, 13—Glenn K. Dorrington, 4—Helen Lorraine Enos, 3—“Class No. 19,” 6—Marguerite Sturdy, 11—Bebbie Thayer, 12—Florence and Edna, 4—Joe and I, 13—Agatha S. Craik, 1—Paul Rowley, 13—No name, Savannah, 1—G. B. Dyer, 11—“Merry and Co.,” 6—Clara Anthony, 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 10—Mabel M. Johns, 13—Irving Olds, 2—Herbert Bloch and Leopold Levy, 2—Roger Hale Wellington, 10—Edwin Clark, 3—Herbert S. Gelpcke, 4—Uncle Will, Fannie, and E. Everett, 7—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 11—Herman Rabing, 2.

WORD SQUARES.

I. 1. To acquire. 2. A religious superior. 3. A wading bird. 4. The surname of a famous caricaturist.

II. 1. A common metal. 2. A kind of seed fed to cage-birds. 3. A precious stone. 4. A feminine nickname.

III. 1. A horned animal. 2. A vegetable. 3. One of a swarthy race. 4. Parts of a head-dress.

ELISE WALKER.

CHARADE.

My first voracious is, and fierce;
My second holds him fast;
My whole, though found mid rugged rocks,
Shines bright and fair at last. E. B. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-eight letters, and am a quotation from one of the greatest of writers.

My 42-3-13-34 is a table for the use of students. My 17-47-30-24-32-64 is easy. My 25-18-70-33-65 is implied, but not expressed. My 19-61-71-50-59 is to push forward. My 85-83-44-31 is lofty. My 49-37-51-79 is a feminine name. My 86-7-16-23 is the god of love. My 87-48-40-81-46-54-72-43-74 is without a name. My 10-53-12-57-78 is to shelter under a roof. My 2-82-21-66-39 is a kind of grain. My 75-73-62-36 is upright. My

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 11, W. M. Thackeray; 12 to 22, Henry Esmond; 23 to 33, The Newcomes. From 1 to 12, worth; 13 to 15, Maine; 3 to 14, train; 4 to 15, Homer; 5 to 16, alway; 6 to 17, crime; 7 to 18, keeps; 8 to 19, Ethan; 9 to 20, ratio; 10 to 21, adorn; 11 to 22, yield; 12 to 23, Hamlet; 13 to 24, enrich; 14 to 25, nestle; 15 to 26, retain; 16 to 27, yaffle; 17 to 28, eschew; 18 to 29, scenic; 19 to 30, merino; 20 to 31, Oldham; 21 to 32, native; 22 to 33, droves.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Pollux; finals, Castor. Cross-words: 1. Physic. 2. Odessa. 3. Labors. 4. Latest. 5. Ultimo. 6. Xyster.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Carlyle. 1. Cake. 2. Lace. 3. Harp. 4. Ball. 5. Keys. 6. Clam. 7. Ewer.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. I. Across: 1. C. 2. Cid. 3. Latin. 4. Cabinet. 5. Dased. 6. Led. 7. N. II. Across: 1. M. 2. Rat. 3. Canes. 4. Jacanas. 5. Petty. 6. Desk(k). 7. E. III. Across: 1. L. 2. Led. 3. Raver. 4. Revered. 5. Derry. 6. Rey. 7. T.

POETICAL ENIGMA. Cook, Browning, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Lowell, Hood.

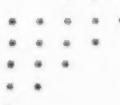
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ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from L. O. E.—M. McG.—"Jersey Quartette."

58-8-69-67 is to shed tears. My 1-77-38-41-22 is to take an oath. My 45-6-88-63 is a woman of refined manners. My 28-29-49-76-55-56-84 is frightful. My 15-11-60 is often crossed. My 20-35-68-80-5-26 is truth. My 52-14-27 is recent.

MARIAN J. HOMANS.

CONNECTED TRIANGLES.



I. UPPER TRIANGLE: 1. Evident. 2. Slender. 3. To take food. 4. An article. 5. In leather.

II. MIDDLE TRIANGLE: 1. Distinguished. 2. A color. 3. Part of the head. 4. A common article. 5. In leather.

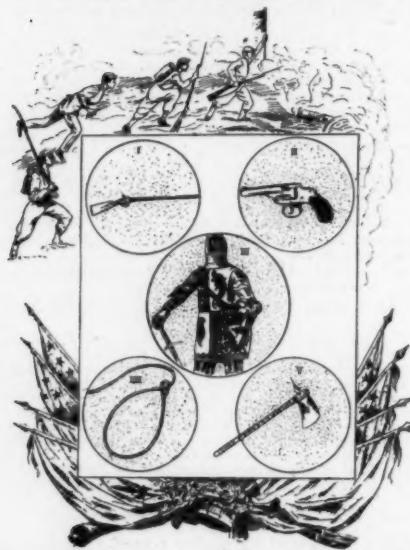
III. LOWER TRIANGLE: 1. To speak profanely. 2. To alienate the affections of. 3. To corrode. 4. A common little word. 5. In leather. H. W. E.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

His 3-2-1-4 was sad, his garments poor;
He shivered 2-1 the pavement wet;
He showed me 3-4-1 fine fish he said
He'd caught that morning with his 1-4-3.
"And 1-2-3-4 how fine they are!" he cried;
"Will you 1-2-3 buy 2-1-4, Miss?" I sighed;
"Not if you had a 3-2-1," I said,
And 3-2 my home I quickly sped.
(I had 1-2 money, you must know,
And that was why I left him so.)

ERLMAH L. P.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished American.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the surname of a well-known author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous battle fought in 1870. 2. A name borne by many kings. 3. An evil spirit. 4. Little. 5. Capable of flowing. 6. A fragment. 7. To urge on. 8. To extort by violence. 9. To get the better of.

J. M. DOHAN.

RHYMING BLANKS.

(The missing words all rhyme with the first missing word.)

As the king rode along on his —— steed, an old —, who had been sitting on a —, waiting for him, ran forward, and with many a — and — told him of her wrongs. The wind had — her gray hair into disorder, and the shawl that she had — over her shoulders was torn and ragged. Her distress as she fell — on

the earth before him, and the sad — in which she told her pitiful tale, soon touched the king's heart.

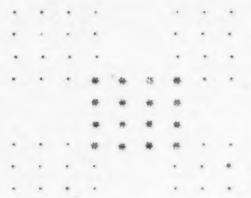
"Oh, be merciful, your Majesty!" she exclaimed; "for you only can help me, a poor — woman. I had two sons of my —, but now I have —. One has been — down by the reaper Death, and the other has been cruelly exiled to the frigid — for a crime he never committed. I have — feeble in his absence, and have worked my fingers to the — to get food, but I can do it no longer."

The king's face — with pity and kindness. "You shall have gold," he said; "an ounce for every — on yonder pine-tree, and your son shall be recalled."

Thankfully the woman rose from the ground on which autumn leaves were — and exclaimed, "May blessings come to you, as many in number as the birds that have — into this tree!" Then the king rode on to his palace and ascended the — to attend to the affairs of state.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A geometrical figure. 2. A sign. 3. To require. 4. Extremities.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Small animals.

2. A chill. 3. Air. 4. Observed.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Transgressions. 2. A fancy. 3. Low. 4. Undermines.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Long periods of time. 2. A small insect. 3. Comfort. 4. To make progress against.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Discerned. 2. Extreme verge. 3. Urges on. 4. A cosy place.

MARJORIE W. D.

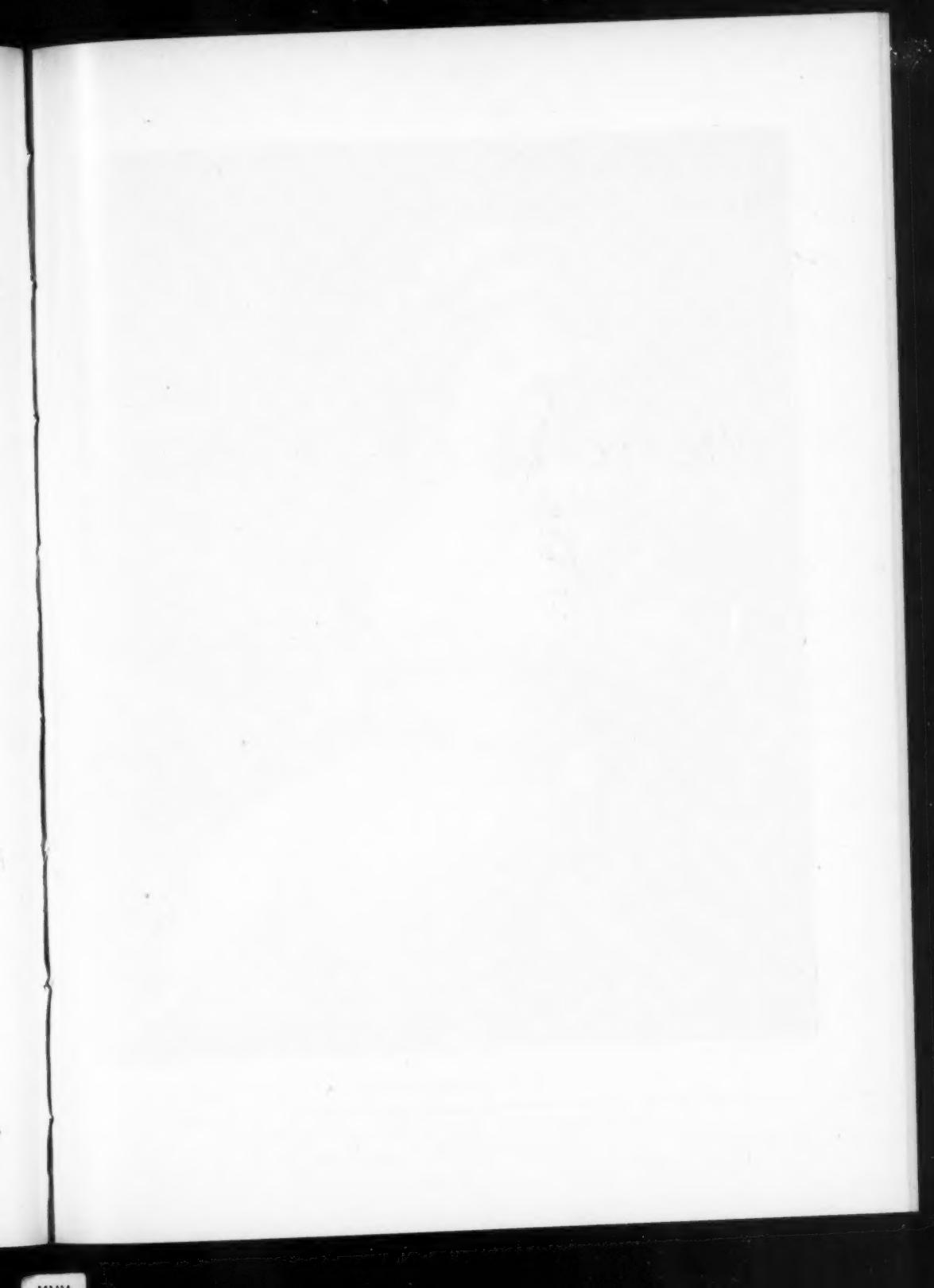
DIAMOND.

I. IN subordinate. 2. An insect. 3. A poet. 4. An animal. 5. In subordinate. "HERCULES."

WHO WERE THEY?

1. Who was called "Well-beloved"?
2. Who was called "The Just"?
3. Who was called "The Black Prince"?
4. Who was called "The Apostate"?
5. Who was called "The Protector"?
6. Who was called "The Little Corporal"?
7. Who was called "The Venerable"?
8. Who was called "The Tyrant"?
9. Who was called "Queen of the East"?
10. Who was called "The Golden-mouthed"?
11. Who was called "Longshanks"?
12. Who was called "The Lion-hearted"?
13. Who was called "Rufus?" Why?
14. Who was called "The Bloody Queen"?
15. Who was called "The Madman of the North"?
16. Who was called "The Semiramis of the North"?
17. Who was called "The Great Reformer"?
18. Who was called "The Father of his Country"?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





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MOTHER AND CHILD.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" FROM MADAME LEBRUN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AND HER DAUGHTER.